TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

Nothing looks so unpleasant in cold type or jars so harshly on the feelings as an ill-natured criticism of people who are trying to do right. The references made in the House of Commons to Sir John Macdonald's change of heart, particularly the taunts of Sir Richard Cartwright, show with what little judgment the so-called Liberal party at Ottawa is being managed. There is an old saying that only a fool would lose a good friend for the sake of getting off a poor joke, and Sir Richard and his *confreres* might learn that it is a poor leader who sacrifices influence and votes for the sake of wounding an adversary or being quoted as the author of a bitter sarcasm or polished satire.

* * *

I remember at school a boy who "went forward" during the excitement of a revival meeting, having decided, no doubt, to brave the jeers of his school-fellows and lead a godly life. The bullies of the school laughed at him, the "smart Alecks" teased him, and many well-intentioned boys were continually making reference to his "change of heart," and asking him how it felt to be a Christian. When, boy-like, he tried to take his own part in the school games, in football and other struggles fairly, though not completely, performed. This continual aggressiveness, taunting and sneering and name-calling, keep alive the feuds which destroy the harmony of life, embroil those who should live in peace with one another and continually threaten the stability of our best institutions.

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There is a certain aggressiveness in well-doing which is most offensive. The line between this and a sort of slinking, half-ashamed way of doing right is a rather delicate one to draw. It is said of Sir John that if he were desirous of living a new life and had experienced a change of heart he might have done it quietly, and not made such a parade of it. This is a question of good taste, unless Sir John can be accused of seeking advertisement and notoriety in the matter. He needs neither. In what he did he acted as all people great and small are expected to act. His example in making a public profession of his impulse towards the good is of great value to every man who is afraid of being laughed at if he does what his conscience tells him is right.

* * *

I am not afraid of being accused of ill nature if I cite an example of what I consider to be a case of ostentatious well-doing, much more open to the charge of bad taste and notoriety hunting. Some years ago an ambitious citizen having attained such eminence as seemed within his grasp began to devote his life to mission work and labors among the poor. Those who afterwards induced him to undertake a public career and the campaign which ended in victory, based their calculations entirely on his merits as a missionary and poor man's friend. What was the result? Seeing the political success of his missionary work, he became possessed of the idea that he had but to double his pretensions, to repeat the good deeds he had done in secret more openly and accompanied by a large quantity of newspaper advertising, and in the same ratio his popularity would be increased. Led astray by these false notions, that the people are not good judges of motive, the prayers which had been whispered by the bedside of the poor and the sermons which had been preached in little mission churches were now said on the house-tops and the street-corners, and repeated in fashionable pulpits, and every act of humanity he did was confided to the reporters of the daily papers. It goes without saying that this sort of thing soon nauseated the public, and, instead of increasing his popularity, he found it necessary to retire without waiting for the verdict of another popular vote. Ever since his retirement no artifice has remained unused to keep himself before the people as a noble example of all that is beautiful and good, and wherever a few reporters are gathered together this gentleman is in the midst of them engaged in prayer or the prosecution of some of his schemes for the amelioration of the condition of mankind. This sort of thing can properly be called an attempt to turn piety to political account, and to use the profession of Christianity as a means of obtaining lucrative public trusts. This is something entirely different to the profession of religion by an old man like Sir John, who at the end rather than at the beginning of his career, when there can be no advantage to him—but rather a loss of his old power of good fellowship—stands up and makes a profession of the faith that is in him and the desire that moves him to a better life and peace with heaven.

* * *

There is much discussion over the execution of Neill, and some of the newspapers, in a semi-apologetic tone, are taking pains to assure the public that it was just. This attitude has been assumed in deference to the sentimentalists who had been clamoring for the convict's reprieve. The only argument introduced to palliate his crimes and to excuse the murder for which he was hanged was, that he had not had a christian training, and nobody had *helped* him to be a good man. It is surprising to find such sickly gruel offered to sensible people as an off set to murder. As giving alms to those who can labor pauperizes and degrades them, so the forcing into the public ear of this continual cry that we must *help* people to be good, we must *help* them to be virtuous, we must *help* them to be sober, we must *help* them to be honest, we must *help* them to refrain from murder, must necessarily weaken the idea that a man is responsible for what he does even if society is to a certain extent responsible for what it does not do. The ones who use this argument would be the first to roll up their eyes in horror at socialism, and yet this maudlin talk is the rankest and most indefensible variety of socialism. Could society be expected to throw its arms around the neck of this precocious criminal as the sentimentalists did in his cell? Should the world have offered him the daintiest morsels from its table as the governor did in the jail? Should his groans have been treasured up by the millions of honest people as they were recorded by the sympathetic press? Should ex-mayors and wealthy capitalists have knelt with him through his boyhood as they did before his scaffold? Were the tears of the world to be sprinkled over the lad whose first impulse was crime and whose last act was murder? On what principle was he to have been singled out from the millions who, born in poverty and surrounded by the circumstances of crime, now toil honestly in fields, labor with the pick and shovel, or have progressed to honor and affluence? This is as hard to explain as the statement would be that the boy who is born with criminal instincts and manifests them despite education and the most careful training is not responsible for his acts because he was born that way. Just as soon as it is discovered by a man's crime that he was born with a murderous heart he is hanged for the safety of society, and the less gush and false sentiment over the making away with a moral monstrosity of this kind the better.

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It is stated in some of the voluminously sickening accounts given in some of the papers, that Neill sent a very handsome Dore Bible gallery to his sisters in Lurgan, Ireland. He had education enough to write his name and "good-bye," but most of all, it shows that he had sisters. When in his life of crime he forgot them, when his heart was so filled with the diabolism of revenge and murder, that it crowded out images of "Jane, Lizzie, Mary, Susie, Annie and Bell," to whom the book was sent, but little more need be said of the unfitness of the man to live. If a lad has got good sisters, no matter how great his poverty, he has an incentive to honorable conduct and honest labor which no amount of education could implant, if affection for them could not arouse it.

DON.

MAUD MULLER

Maud Muller.

Maud Muller, on a summer's day,
Raked the meadows sweet with hay;
Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health.

The judge rode slowly down the lane,
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.
He drew his bridle in the shade
Of the apple t ee, to greet the maid,

And ask for a draught from the spring that flowed
Through the meadows across the road.
She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,
And filled for him her small tin cup.

And blushed as she gave it, looking down
On her feet so bare, and her tattered gown.
"Thanks" said the Judge, "A sweeter draught
From a fairer hand was never quaffed."

He spoke of the grass, and flowers and trees,
Of the singing birds and humming bees;
Then talked of the haying, and wondered whether
The cloud in the west would bring foul weather.

And Maud forgot her briar-torn gown,
And her graceful ankles bare and brown;
And listened, while a pleased surprise
Looked from her long lashed hazel eyes.

At last, like one who for delay
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.
Maud Muller looked and sighed "Ah me!
That I the Judge's bride might be.

"He would dress me up in silks so fine,
And praise and toast me at his wine.
My father should wear a broadcloth coat;
My brother should sail a painted boat.

"I'd dress my mother so grand and gay,
And the baby should have a new toy each day;
And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor,
And all should bless me who left our door."

The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill,
And saw Maud Muller standing still.
"A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.

"And her modest answer and graceful air,
Show her wise and good as she is fair.
Would she were mine and I to-day,
Like her a harvester of hay;

"No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs
And weary lawyers with endless tongues,
But low of cattle and song of birds,
And health of quiet and loving words."

But he thought of his sisters, proud and cold,
And his mother, vain of her rank and gold.
So, closing his heart the Judge rode on,
And Maud was left in the field alone.

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,
When he hummed in court an old love tune;
And the young girl mused beside the well,
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower,
Who lived for fashion as he for power.
Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow,
He watch'd a picture come and go,

And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes,
Looked out in their innocent surprise.
Oft when the wine in his glass was red,
He longed for the wayside well instead;
And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms,

To dream of meadows and clover blooms.
And the proud man sighed, with a secret pain
Ah, that I were free again,
Free as when I rode that day,
Where the barefoot maiden raked her hay."

She wedded a man unlearned and poor,
And many children played around her door
But care and sorrow and child-birth pain,
Left their traces on heart and brain.

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Stretched away into stately halls;
The weary wheel to a spinnet turned,
The tallow candle an astral burned.

And for him who sat by the chimney lug
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,
A manly form at her side she saw
And joy was duty, and love was law.

Then she took up her burden of life again,
Saying only "It might have been,"
Alas for maiden, alas for Judge,
For rich repiner and household drudge.

God pity them both and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall,
For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been

Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes;
And in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away.

Thistledale, the handsome residence of Mrs. Robert Wilkes, 88 Bloor street east, was the scene of a large and brilliant gathering on Friday evening, February 24, when nearly 250 guests were assembled. Maricano's orchestra were in attendance and did themselves justice in the choice of music and the perfect time. The conservatory was a delightful refuge for those who sought a cooler spot, and the supper-room under the management of Harry Webb was well patronized.

Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Alf. Mason, Miss Mason, the Misses Sweetnam, Dr. and Mrs. Aikins, Mr. and Mrs. Kerr, Mr. Warring Kennedy, the Misses Williamson, Mr. W. B. Willoughby, Miss Simpson, Miss McClung, Miss Eva Kennedy, Mr. H. H. Dewart, Mrs. H. E. and the Misses Clarke, Mr. Hughes, Mr. and Mrs. W. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Boyce Thompson, Miss McCausland, Miss Spratt, the Misses and Mr. Pearson, Judge Boyd, Mrs. Guerney, the Misses Patterson, Mr. Garvin, Mr. and Mrs. Sweetnam, Mr. and Mrs. Roper, Mrs. Irving Walker, Dr. Nattrass, Mr. and Miss Allen, Miss Bain, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Torrington, and Miss Stafford.

Miss Armour of Cobourg is staying with her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Armour, on Cecil street. If one may judge by the many fair visitors that come to us from the east, those eastern lake and riverside towns must be desirable places in which to take up one's abode.

For the second time this winter Mrs. Kirkpatrick is staying at Chestnut park. The honors of Cobourg and Port Hope are fully shared by Kingston.

Miss Platt of New York is the guest of Mrs. Hamilton Merritt, on St. George street. Toronto does not get many visitors from over the line. Those who do come are always welcome. Miss Edsall, and now Miss Platt, must think Canada not such a bad sort of country.

Miss Minnie Morris, after all too short a stay with her aunts, Mrs. Spragg and Mrs. Hamilton Merritt, has returned to Guelph. Since it is the possessor of such charms rightly is it called the Royal City.

A party, under the auspices of Miss May Jones and Mr. Gordon Jones, left last Saturday to spend Sunday and Monday at the Falls. Good was the cheer of Kaultenbach's hotel, and great the beauty of the ice-bridge. Of the party were Miss Ross, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Nordheimer, Miss Heward and Mr. Eden Heward, Miss Campbell, Mr. Mayne Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Edwards, the Misses Yarker, etc.

Owing to the badness of the sleighing, the drive of the Toronto sleighing club last Saturday was abandoned at the eleventh hour. The quarters of Colonel and Mrs. Otter, at the Fort, was to have been their destination; and although there was no meet as usual in the Park, many of the members and others made their way out by street car and on wheels, and enjoyed a pleasant tea party at the house of the vice-president.

To-day, as a finish to the season, either on wheels or runners, as many of the members as possible are going to make their way to Weston. A celebration of the club's success will there take place.

As I have said before dinners do not cease in Lent, nor because of the season does one dine less well. The fish is not salted, and well filled decanters still go their fragrant round. On Tuesday Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Kerr gave a large and youthful dinner party. Amongst some thirty of their guests were Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Armour, Miss Armour, Miss May Jones, Miss Ross, Mr. Gordon Jones, the Misses Yarker, Miss Mabel Heward, Mr. Eden Heward, Captain Geddes, Mr. Fox, Captain Sears, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Merritt, Mr. Cronyn, Miss Campbell, Mr. Mayne Campbell, Mr. Hume Blake, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Nordheimer, Mrs. Kirkpatrick and Mrs. Bankes.

It has been only the pressure on my space which has hitherto prevented me from speaking of a subject which most certainly calls for the attention of many of the leaders of society in Toronto. I refer to the system of calling, or rather to the abuse of that system as it is practised here. As regards the fair sex I have nothing to say, the paying of visits is a martyrdom which, all the world over, they have to undergo. But I must put in a very strong plea for the men, I mean for the bachelors; their wives pay their calls for those that are married, a very strong reason for becoming so. That a visit should be expected as an acknowledgment for a dinner-party is, of course, perfectly right, but to say that men must call in return for an invitation to a dance, or, still more, oh ye gods! to an afternoon tea, is absurd. We will take the case of Mrs. Fitz-Browne. This lady is giving a ball and she wishes thereby to give pleasure to her friends, Mrs. Apjones and Miss de Smythe; on this account she invites Messrs. Dancewell and Beauman. They come, and her dance succeeds, while if they and their fellows had been absent it would have failed, for she could not have adequately supplied their places, since dancing men of the right sort are as comparatively scarce here as in almost every other place. Not only does she expect Dancewell and Beaman to call on her, but she ordains one particular day in the week on which they must pay their visit. They may not any afternoon when it is convenient to them take a sleigh and drive around to as many houses as they can, going in where people are "at home," and leaving cards where they are not "receiving." This would be almost an insult to Mrs. Fitz-Browne, it would be worse than no call at all. She loves to tell her friend Mrs. de Smythe that she had two hundred callers last Tuesday, little thinking that that dear friend is probably making a mental division of that number by four, and thereby arriving at something like the truth. To be serious. If men who go out much do all that is required of them, they must spend almost every afternoon in paying calls somewhere. If they are busy, and can only leave their business by five, one or two days in the week, all chance of exercise or of any other form of pleasure by day is debarred them.

What will be, I fear, the last of the highly successful At Homes of the Toronto toboggan club took place on Tuesday. A very cold night but clear, perfect weather for tobogganing. The thaw and subsequent hard frost had made the slide a sheet of ice. The pace was tremendous, it has not been better this year. The ambition of a member of the T. T. C. is always to reach the iron bridge across the valley before he stops, and on Tuesday this was accomplished again and again. The comfortable club house at the top looked its best. When not actually sliding people could warm themselves before the enormous logs blazing in its inside, and could refresh themselves with such rich beverages as beef tea and mulled claret suitable to the occasion. The fact that there will be little more tobogganing, and that this is the dead season when amusements are scarce, caused few people who were invited to neglect to be present. Upwards of a hundred came, though not all of them were active tobogganists. I wish to address a word of warning to the club, or rather to the committee. Since one or two bad accidents would of course bring tobogganing into ill-repute, every care must be taken to guard against them. Now by far the most frequent cause of tobogganing accidents is the fact of one load starting before its forerunner is clear of the chute. If anything causes an upset of those in front a collision and a serious one is thus unavoidable.

There is a rule, I believe, that when many people are sliding some responsible man shall be stationed at the starting place to prevent a toboggan from pushing off till its predecessor is out of sight round the curve in the valley. This rule, if observed, prevents any fear of a collision, but on Tuesday the startsman's post was occasionally vacant. The hon. secretary of the club, Mr. Alfred E. Plummer, has been energetic in its interests, and his assistant, Mr. Roberts, has worked hard to keep up its popularity. Let us hope that prognostications of the decline of the sport in public favor will not be verified next winter. Amongst the keenest sliders on Tuesday were the Messrs. Small, the Messrs. Moffatt, Mr. Arthur Boulton, Miss Maud Vankoughnet, Mrs. Macdonald, Miss Moss, the Misses Wragge, Mr. Wragge, Miss Baldwin, Mr. Baldwin, Mrs. Fitzgibbon, and Miss McCarthy, Miss Gillespie, Miss O'Brien, Mr. Blake and Miss Blake.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Nordheimer gave a large and delightful dinner party last night. What would Toronto society do without a few ladies and gentlemen so indefatigable in their hospitality as Mr. and Mrs. Nordheimer?

The death of Mrs. William Heward at her residence, 72 Homewood avenue, on February 28th, will cast a gloom over society in that it will cause so many to go into mourning. For her own sake Mrs. Heward was beloved by a large circle of friends whom she had collected around her in her many years' residence in Toronto, being a member of one of Toronto's leading and oldest families. The deceased lady was married to William B. Heward now of Osgoode Hall in 1840, and has two daughters both married, Mrs. Homer Dixon, now in Germany, and Mrs. James Henderson of Wellesley Place.

Mr. and Mrs. Raynold Gamble, who, on account of the sad illness of the former, were obliged to go abroad last June, are now in Germany to give Mr. Gamble the benefit of the German baths. Mr. Gamble is much improved since he left here, and hopes to return in May, in his own excellent health once more, but it cannot be denied that his recovery has been very slow and tedious. Mrs. Gamble, whose bright vivacious beauty won her so many friends in her short residence here, has proved a most devoted and untiring nurse, and it is no doubt due to the unceasing care with which she has attended her husband that he is at last on the mend.

Miss Rosina Vokes (or Mrs. Clay as she is privately known), who is playing at the Grand this week, is not surrounded by the brilliant troupe of socially acceptable actors she had when she first came here (after an absence of many years) in the autumn of '85. Then there was the celebrated actor and dramatist Brandon Thomas, who made such an ideal husband as Jack Merridew that all the maidens felt they wanted to get married at once; who could take the part of a modern gentleman so naturally and gracefully, and without overacting it on the stage. Next to him was the inimitable Weedon Grossmith, brother to the celebrated George Grossmith, for whom Gilbert creates his funny parts and speeches in the operas. Weedon Grossmith followed for some years the profession of art, then tempted by the popularity and fame his brother had obtained on the stage, he made his debut in Miss Vokes' troupe in America, and was the success we all know him to be. At any rate it paid so well that he adopted the stage altogether and threw up all ideas of going back to his old art.

Unfortunately, although all admired and laughed convulsively at the little fellow on the stage, his Cockney language and accent prevented his attaining the social success here that the others did. Who has forgotten Mr. Elliott, the ex-Cambridge man, who took the part of the Scotchman in A Double Lesson, and presented as perfect a piece of acting as any critic ever witnessed. He also was "Deeds" (not words, ha-ha!) in that ridiculous burlesque, A Pantomime Rehearsal. After him came Mr. Courteney Thorpe, who was famous for his own golden locks, which he brushed at night before retiring, and in the morning left them untouched. He was also noted for having a wooden hand and conceited opinion of his own acting. Among the minor members of the troupe was Mr. Augustus Yorke, quite a celebrity in his way, as being a nephew of one of the former Governor-Generals of the Dominion, and having become stage-struck from participating in amateur theatricals, he came to America and joined Mr. Daly's aristocratic troupe, and then became a member of Miss Vokes' equally genteel one. There were not many impressionable young hearts which were not moved by Miss Leslie Chester, the famous London beauty, who was with Miss Vokes on her tour of 1885-86. Her photographs were at a premium in London. She had been a social beauty, and also becoming enamored, in playing at acting, of the stage, much against the wishes of her family entered the ranks of professional stage beauties, and as such only was a success. As an actress, and beside Miss Vokes, she looked stiff and ungraceful and untaught. Her mother always traveled with her, being the only one of the family who could be brought to forgive her daughter's passion for the stage, and acted small parts herself, so as to be able to be with Miss Chester and give her the benefit of her chaperonage. Miss Helen Dacre, who came with Miss Vokes to America in her season of 1886-87, was a remarkably striking and handsome woman with a magnificent figure and graceful dignified carriage. She was most emphatically like Mrs. Langtry, and in her part of Lady Moncreith in A Double Lesson, looked, acted and dressed magnificently. Miss Agnes Millar was a charming, a graceful little actress, with a pretty figure and musical voice, and innocent expression on her face. Out of this strong troupe Miss Vokes retains very few of the old members and they are the only redeeming quality—at least I judge from having seen her when she was here in the fall, and believe her troupe is little, if any, altered this time. Miss Vokes has always paid her whole troupe excellent, even enormous salaries, thereby making, herself, almost less than they. They traveled before as a company of friends, and jolly, friendly kind of friends at that, liking each other well, and everywhere being received into the best society. Indeed it struck me the first time I saw them that they were more like a traveling amateur troupe with the talents of professionals, but voices, manners, actions and experiences of gentlemen and ladies, as indeed they were.

Mr. Brandon Thomas is playing now in a new thing that has opened at the Olympic in London, called His Romance. Mr. Weedon Grossmith growing ambitious by his successes in America with Miss Vokes, made his Metropolitan debut last year, and was so nervous that, although I hunted eagerly for criticisms, the papers refused to criticize him. I have since loooked for his name in the columns of the English theater casts in vain and presume he has retired to quieter life and his original art. Mr. Elliott is temporarily retired from the stage. Mr. Yorke is living in Parshore, Worcestershire, at his old home and rides to the hunt, shoots and goes to balls, as he used to do. Miss Leslie Chester is married to an immensely wealthy English aristocrat. Miss Dacre is acting with Mary Anderson at the Lyceum Theater, and Mr. Courteney Thorpe is with Miss Vokes still as "leading man."

Ice Boating.—The spirit of mad and reckless daring inspires one, under the influence of a keen, frosty air and surroundings of snow the beautiful, and ice on a wide expanse of untenanted ground, to tempt Providence, accomplishing sometimes what appears almost a miracle.

In this manner did the harmless sport, coasting down a small hill, prompt the wildly reckless to each time attempt something more dangerous until, nature not presenting anything between a mild undulation and a perpendicular precipice, strength and art combined to erect what is called a slide or chute, at a dizzy angle, and these venturous mortals still further yield to the dangerous fascination to ice it over, so that the speed of the toboggan must be a mile a minute.

The same spirit pervades one on an ice-boat. Who cares whether the mad career can be checked, or where it leads one to, so long as the craft is urged to her utmost capabilities with the assistance of a strong wind? You watch the weather skate lifting—lifting off the ice—you feel yourself spinning along at a tremendous speed—the only thing you are conscious of is the keenest anxiety to go faster still; you compress your lips and fix your eye on that uplifted skate with despairing determination, until you are left with the two alternatives staring you in the face: immediate capsizing, or less speed. The discomforts of the former flash through your brain before you are aware of it. You think you would not care to be shot a number of yards without anything between you and the ice, like a ball out of a cannon, and with the provoking inability to stop yourself, and probably the promise of a broken limb when you reached the extremity of your destination. If you are a less selfish man, probably you will first think of the dear ones at home and the anxiety and inconvenience you will cause them if you suddenly appear before the door in an ambulance, for which they would be so wholly unprepared; then the thought of the ambulance will cause you to remember yourself. It suggests all sorts of aches and pains, and the possibility of being kept away from the office, which means that the pretty type-writer will be left idle, and egad—perhaps have to seek another situation! That settles the question!

You immediately cause your weather skate to seek the ice again, and you proceed at a slower pace.

But I am digressing!

On a certain day in the early part of the winter, I met by a previous arrangement, a party of friends at the foot of York street, to enjoy a sail on an ice-boat, and it was not long before off we started.

It was not what would be called a pet day, but gusty, very cold, and the bay lumpy with drifts. We rushed backwards and forwards across the bay, up and down, our three dogs at our heels, our own selves panting with excitement at each delay caused by a drift, or a lull in the wind, and impatient to be off again. Although we had half a dozen or so heavy buffalo robes, we soon commenced to feel the want of something to make our blood circulate more freely (this is a common want, apropos, when ice-boating.) Almost at starting one of the gentlemen of our party had been obliged to divest himself of overshoes, overcoat, and fur mittens, for the benefit of a young Southerner for whom the excursion was in honor, and who, although strictly warned of the necessity of quantities of clothing had appeared in fine high-heeled French kid boots, sealskin jacket opening back in the front so as to leave exposed the throat and chest, bonnet of feathers and lace and other furbelows, and kid gloves only for her hands.

The details of this sail were much the same as those of any other on an ice-boat, but they made me wonder how it was that this sport had ever become popular, where there is such a fine expanse of clear ice most of the time from the middle of December to the end of March. I did hear of a few such parties being given last winter when the host of the day conducted his guests to the R. C. Y. C. club house on the island where an appetising repast awaited them, having been sent over from the city previously, mulled port, sandwiches, cakes, coffee, etc. Of course only a member of the R. C. Y. C. could have this privilege, but then, most of the sportsmen of our city and athletes belong to it, the membership in large and there is a caretaker always there in the winter, and I have no doubt, for a little consideration he would be only too glad to see the human face divine and wait on a table full of hungry mortals—it would remind the poor fellow that he was not quite beyond the pale of civilization,

(Continued on Page Eleven.)

He who is firm in will moulds the world to himself.—*Goethe.*

Some people complain that nature has mingled thorns with the roses. I, for my part, am thankful that she had given me roses among the thorns.—*Karr.*

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His First Sermon.

I have received the following letter which, with the two articles accompanying it, are well worth the places they have received. Here is the first one:

"DEAR BROTHER,—I call you brother because you must have been a preacher yourself to know so much about preaching, and I believe you cannot have fallen away or you would not be so reverent in speaking about sacred things. Enclosed find two dollars ($2), for which send me the SATURDAY NIGHT for one year. I don't approve of the stories, but your pulpit sketches interest and amuse me; and as my wife wants to read Widower Jones, please send back numbers—but be kind enough to not suspect me of having any weakness for novels.

"I am glad that there is no likelihood of your sitting in front of my pulpit. When I was a youngster in the ministry I am afraid my divisions and exposition and exegesis would have hardly stood such caustic criticism as yours."

I have re-inclosed the two dollars in my pocket and herewith present you with the manuscript which shows our clerical brother is not devoid of a sense of the ludicrous. Now for No. 2.

"Thirteen years ago I returned from the college—where, for two years, I had been learning theology and how to smoke without any one knowing it, and without getting sick—to a Scotch settlement where for forty years, my uncle, who had just died, had been a Presbyterian preacher. After the funeral I was invited to remain over Sunday and occupy the pulpit he had so ably filled. I accepted and will never forget my experience.

"At college our professors had told us that the man who could not strike oil in thirty minutes was either boring with a dull auger or had struck a dry hole. On three or four occasions I had been sent out to fill a pulpit and had four sermons that I considered masterpieces, though other people would often remark that their chief virtue was their brevity. I used to consider myself lucky if I could make the sermon last half an hour. Somehow everything I had to say came out in the first five minutes and the other twenty-five were devoted mostly to conclusion and application, and most likely I applied it to everything in sight whether it would fit or not. Going home from church with an old bachelor cousin and an old maid aunt the latter remarked that I had done middling well.

"'That's very faint praise, aunty, but I suppose it's all I deserve.'

"'Well, lad, it was very good—what there was of it.'

"'Why, was it too short?'

"'I don't know what others thought,' said she; 'but it seems to me that you must have forgotten part of it, or you wouldn't have got through so soon.'

"'Yes,' said my masculine cousin, 'people were disappointed. Father used to preach two hours and a half, and on his Gaelic Sundays he never got home till three.'

"I felt utterly crushed.

"'Preach longer to-night, lad. Give them a couple of hours and show them what's in you.'

"'Why, bless you, aunt, there isn't enough in me to last two hours.'

"'Well,' she said, with a faint echo of the old Scottish tongue, 'you will not make a good impression unless you preach long enough.'

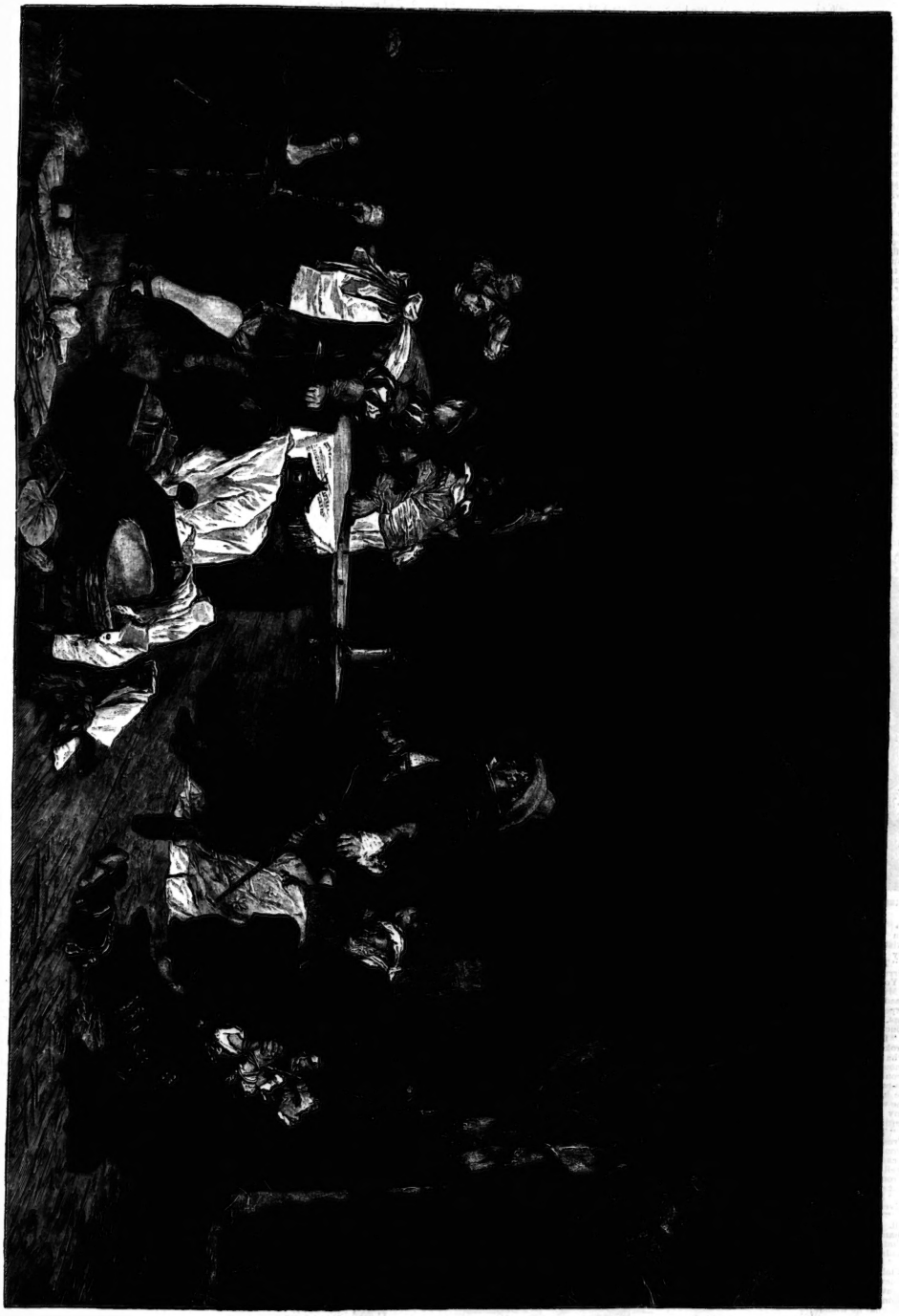
"I could not eat any dinner, and climbed upstairs to my bedroom; and sat gazing woefully at my three remaining sermons, wondering which I could make last the longest, when a bright idea struck me, and after hunting through the Bible and hymn book for a while I went downstairs happy.

"That night the old brick meeting-house was crowded, and when I faltered up the steps into the pulpit my poor shin bones were knocking together in the most abject fear. I opened by reading the longest hymn in the hymn-book, and followed by reading the longest chapter—except the 119th Psalm—that I knew of. Then I called upon one of the elders, who could always be relied upon for half an hour's prayer, and he, feeling that the services were likely to be very brief, did his best, and I am sure didn't quit inside of fifty minutes. I followed by reading the next longest chapter I knew of and we had another hymn. Then I started in to preach. I began with my sermon on Zaccheus at the conclusion of which I referred to a passage in Hebrews as a proof of my argument. The passage in question was the text of my sermon on the 'Great and glorious promises.' I thereupon preached for another half hour referring towards the conclusion to the text of my sermon, 'What think ye of Christ? Whose son is He,' which afforded me an excuse for preaching my third and last sermon, lasting another half hour. I glanced uneasily at the congregation as I switched off on each new sermon to fill up the time, but their evident interest and amazement at the breadth of my scope assured me that they didn't suspect that I was giving them three sermons in one. Another long hymn and an extended prayer by one of the elders, who seemed determined to show that he could outlast the brother who opened, made it ten o'clock before we got through, and I received the congratulations of two score of the congregation, who assured me that in the course of ten or fifteen years I would be just as good a preacher as my uncle. Nobody complained of the divisions of the sermon either.

"That night my old aunt brought the blankets of my bed down and warmed them before the big open fireplace saying as she looked kindly and proudly at me, 'We always warmed the blankets for your uncle and it will be no long before you are as good a preacher as he was.'"

People are always talking about originality; but what do they mean? As soon as we are born the world begins to work upon us, and this goes on to the end. And after all, what can we call our own, except energy, strength, and will? If I could give an account of all that I owe to great predecessors and contemporaries, there would be but a small balance in my favor. —*Goethe.*

The hardest trial of the heart is whether it can bear a rival's failure without triumph.—*Aikin.*



DIVIDING THE BOOTY.

For Letterpress see page 6.

Literary Notes.

Much has been heard lately about a Canadian literature, and several writers in the *Empire* have had quite a tournament over the question; but the thought does not seem to have occurred to them that our present copyright laws are so defective that a national literature is impossible.

Under the present system a Canadian publisher can, practically, neither buy nor steal any worthy English book or publication while the New York publisher can issue it and sell it not only in the United States but in Canada also. Now if a New York publisher is allowed to sell an English book in Canada, there should certainly be no law to prevent any Canadian publisher who cared to take the risk of the book selling, from making that book in Canada. And there are many others besides publishers who should be interested in this question. The paper-makers, the printers, the stereotypers, the bookbinders, would all be immensely benefited by a change in the direction of juster regulations.

But there is another aspect of the question which should receive the early and earnest attention of interested parties in Canada—and that is international copyright. The authors and publishers of the United States, who have been at variance for many years, have at last come to an understanding and are making strong efforts to have an international copyright act passed at Washington this year. Should such an act be passed and ratified by the countries already included in the Berne treaty, it would effect a radical change in the present publishing system, particularly in the department of fiction.

According to the reports in the daily press, at the recent Ontario Booksellers' Convention the question of copyright was discussed but no action taken. In this the convention made a mistake, for the question cannot be discussed too fully. Indeed in view of the agitation in the United States for international copyright, Canadian authors and publishers should certainly take some action, to show their confreres in the United States as well as in Great Britain that the interest of Canadians must be kept in view in the proposed changes. Who will be the first to take action and call a meeting of those interested?

A new volume called Charles Dickens and the Stage is announced to appear very soon in London. It is from the pen of Mr. T. E. Pemberton, the author of Dickens's London. Among the chapters of the new book we find such inviting titles as Dickens as an Actor, Dickens as a Dramatist, and The Stage in his Letters.

Under the title of Tariff and Revenue Discussed, Harper & Bros. have just published the President's last message, Mr. Blaine's comments on it, and the tariff papers published in *Harper's Magazine* and written by Henry Watterson and Hon. George F. Edmunds.

The Monarchs I Have Met is the title of a book to be brought out by the Harpers, written by W. Beatty Kingston, a well-known English newspaper man. The book is to be illustrated with the portraits of the different monarchs and their wives.

The second volume of the Irving Shakespeare is to be issued almost immediately by Messrs. Scribner & Welford.

Sara Carewe, Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's new story, which has just been completed in the *St. Nicholas*, is to be brought out by the Scribners in uniform make-up with Little Lord Fauntleroy. The illustrations are to be by the same artist, Mr. Birch, whose charming manner added a finishing touch of delight to that little Lord's life, a book, by the bye, now in its forty-third thousand.

Add Thackeray's bright and sharp perception to Trollope's nicety in detail, and supplement both with large scholarship and wide reach of philosophic insight; conceive a person who looks not only at life and into life, but through it, who sympathizes with the gossip of the peasants and the ideas of advanced thinkers, who is as capable of reproducing Fergus O'Connor as John Stuart Mill, and is as blandly tolerant of Garrison as of Hegel, and you have the wonderful woman who called herself George Eliot, probably the largest mind among the romancers of the century, but with an incurable sadness at the depth of her nature which deprives her of the power to cheer the readers she interests and informs.—*E. P. Whipple.*

It is to be hoped that the writers mentioned in the following dialogue may not see the following profound and critical analysis and digest of their work. It would but add to their vanity should they do so, and of that abstract quality they now have all that is good for them:

"What are you reading now, Mame?"

"Oh, I'm reading Tolstoi."

"Isn't he splendid?"

"Oh, just splendid! Wasn't 'Anna Kar' splendid?"

"Splendid! Have you read any of Turgenef's books yet?"

"Oh yes; I've just finished 'Dimitri Roudine,'"

"Isn't it splendid?"

"Splendid!"

"I think all his books are splendid."

"So they are just splendid."

"How do you like Howells?"

"He's splendid, too."

"Isn't he though!"

"Yes, indeed. Have you ever read any of Holmes'!'

"Oh, of course. Isn't he splendid?"

"Isn't he though? He's so funny, too. Isn't 'Elsie Venner' splendid?"

"Just splendid! But Miss Muloch's books are the ones I cry over."

"They are just splendid! Did you ever read Hugo's 'Les Miserables?'"

"Oh isn't it exciting? But it's splendid, too.

"Don't it end funny?"

"Yes, rather; but it's splendid clear through."

"Indeed it is. I like to have a book end right."

"So do I. That's what makes Dickens' books so splendid. They end so good."

"They are splendid, aren't they?

"Just splendid."

"Splendid!"

SECOND HALF OF THE TWO-PART STORY.

IN GOOD FAITH

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE DU MAURIER.

IV.

"We had better get out of this as soon as possible," Lightfoot said. The policeman was helping him on with his coat, and he winced a little as he passed his arm through the sleeve. "Get back, will you!" he exclaimed, savagely, turning round upon the crowd, which was following close upon the heels of the charred couple. "What the devil do you expect to get by hustling us? Do you think we are going to burst into flames again for your amusement? I only wish I knew which of you cads threw down that lighted match!"

"What would you do to him?" asked Violet, glancing at the young man's angry face. She had never seen Mr. Lightfoot in a passion before, and the truth is, that wrath was very becoming to him—as indeed it is to all pale complexioned men.

"I would break his neck," answered Lightfoot, looking as if he fully meant what he said. "Thank heaven it is no worse! You have had a narrow shave, Miss Ripley. Are you sure you are not hurt?"

"Quite sure. And you? Oh, but you are!—you are dreadfully hurt!" she exclaimed, suddenly, catching sight of her companion's hand, which in truth presented a sufficiently sickening spectacle.

He put it behind his back hastily. "It is nothing," he said, "only a scorch. These things always look worse than they really are."

And before Violet could say more she was surrounded by excited friends, enveloped in shawls, helped into the carriage of a good-natured lady and driven off homewards. Not until she was a mile away from the race-course did she remember that she had not even spoken a word of thanks to the man who had saved her life.

As for Mr. Lightfoot, it is probable that if he had encountered the heedless author of the accident he would have abstained, after all, from breaking the neck of one who had rendered him a signal service. He felt quite sure of success now, and the week which he spent in bed, by the doctor's orders, was not an unpleasant week, in spite of the sufferings which a badly burnt arm and hand necessarily entailed. It brought him, among other agreeable things, a host of inquiries and congratulations, a vast supply of flowers, grapes, and ice from all quarters, and a very prettily expressed note from Miss Ripley, in which all previous omissions were amply atoned. He had never in his life trusted to luck, nor believed much in any such thing; but he could not help thinking that he was in luck's way now, and he would have been still more convinced of this if he had understood his case better, and had know the turn affairs were taking at Mayfield.

The peace of that quiet household had been a good deal disturbed by Miss Ripley's accident. Mr. Preston, feeling that decency forbade him any longer to refuse the acquaintance of the obnoxious Lightfoot, had consented and growled in a manner not usual with him, and had made things very uncomfortable for his wife, who for her part, had been thrown into such agitation at the mere thought of her niece's adventure as to lose her appetite for two whole days. "My dear," she repeated over and over again to Violet, "I don't know what Bob will say when he hears of this!"

And perhaps it was rather a pity that the news should have been so vividly spread; because, when a letter bearing the Portsmouth post-mark arrived a few days later, Miss Ripley naturally requested to be informed of what Bob had said—a request which, as it happened, there was a difficulty about acceding to. Mrs. Preston tried to temporize and equivocate. She said, "Oh, he was dreadfully distressed—he thought we ought all to be very thankful that it was no worse—I don't recollect his exact words," and so forth; but it wouldn't do. She had long ago established an unfortunate standing order to the effect that all her letters might be read by her niece upon the condition that the latter should undertake to answer them, and she found herself unable to revoke this contract at pleasure. Indeed, it was under her very nose, and in spite of all her expostulations, that Miss Ripley seized Bob's letter and read the following odious sentences:

"Please offer my congratulations to Violet on her escape. Mr. Lightfoot is she to be congratulated, notwithstanding his singed wing; and I take it that before long I shall be called upon to congratulate both again—though not on an escape. As for you, my dear mother, I can but condole with you and with my father. It is sad to think that, in spite of all we can do, £40,000 are likely to pass away from the family forever, but we must console ourselves with the thought that we have done our best to keep them."

It was all very well for Mrs. Preston to begin sobbing because Violet after reading this, declared in so many words that her cousin was no gentleman; but tears, though they may serve to bring about apologies and explanations, cannot blot out a written insult, and when Miss Ripley set forth to take a long walk to recover herself, her anger against the brutal Bob was not one whit diminished.

Perhaps it was chance that led her to turn her steps in the direction of Mr. Lightfoot's house; it certainly was nothing else that brought him out to the gate with his arm in a sling and his pale face paler than usual. But when once these two had met, chance had nothing further to say to the matter, and the outcome of their interview was inevitable. It did not last long, and the language employed on both sides was calm and sober; but it ended satisfactorily to one, at least, of the parties concerned, while for the other, the frequency with which she assured herself, during the course of her walk home, that she had done the right thing in engaging herself to Mr. Lightfoot, may be taken as evidence that she also was satisfied. It was true that she did not love him, but that was only because it was not in her nature to fall in love with anybody. Besides, she had been careful to inform him of this possible drawback to their happiness, and he had not seemed to think much of it. He had answered at once that there was love enough in his heart for two; which, to be sure, when you came to analyze it, was a rather nonsensical speech. Still it had been well meant, and Mr. Lightfoot was a kind, noble, and disinterested man, who would do his best to make the life which he had saved happy, and to whom she, on her side, would certainly endeavor to be a good wife. And having arrived at this climax, Miss Ripley, who happened to be in an unfrequented wood at the time, sat down on the ground and cried for five minutes as if her heart would break. After that, she dried her eyes and marched cheerfully homewards to break the news.

This, of course, was a task demanding some little courage, and Violet knew that nothing but the most uncompromising opposition was to be looked for from her uncle. But the tone which Mr. Preston took up was not quite what she had anticipated, nor did she find it by any means so easy to combat as reproaches and denunciations would have been.

"My dear girl," the old gentleman said, after blowing his nose loudly several times and looking quite heart-broken, "you are now your own mistress, and I am deprived of all control over your actions. This may or may not be an unfortunate fact—you and I are hardly likely to agree as to that—but it is a fact it is. If, then, you see fit to make a match of which I must strongly disapprove, I can neither forbid your doing so nor take any steps to protect you from the consequences of your choice, except in seeing that your money is settled upon yourself. But, in consideration of my age and of the many years during which I have been your guardian, you may perhaps be disposed to allow some little weight to my wishes and judgment."

"Uncle William," said the girl, you "know very well that I should never think of marrying anybody without your full consent."

"In that case, my dear, there is not the slightest chance of your marrying Mr. Lightfoot."

"Oh, but I think you will give your consent. You may not like him generally; indeed, you would not be so unjust as to prevent our marriage because your taste does not happen to agree with mine, and you must admit that there is not a word to be said against Mr. Lightfoot's character."

"I admit nothing, my dear," replied Mr. Preston, with a wave of his hand and a smile—"I admit no thing; and as for what you call personal dislike, I believe I am not so silly as to dislike any man without a reason. But are you convinced that you yourself like this man? 'Like' is not a strong enough word: are you convinced that you *love* him?"

"Do you think it possible that I should have accepted him if I had not cared for him?"

"Oh, dear me, yes!—quite possible. Probable, indeed, taking all the circumstances into account. Now I am going to touch upon a delicate subject," continued Mr. Preston, "and I may perhaps offend your pride, but where the happiness of two lives is at stake one should not be over-squeamish. You know, my dear Violet, that although I do not talk about all that I am not blind; and the attachment which existed not so very long ago between you and my son Robert was sufficiently obvious."

"There never was anything of the sort!" interrupted Violet, with her cheeks aflame. "You are altogether mistaken."

Mr. Preston laughed gently and shook his head. "Pique, my dear, pique—just what I expected. Now lovers' quarrels are all very fine, but we mustn't go beyond the limits of reconciliation. Believe me, Robert is—"

"I know perfectly well what Robert is," broke in Violet, impatiently; "and I know what he never will be, too. He was polite enough to tell me that he would like my money very much, but that marrying me would be paying too long a price for it; and since then he has written a most insulting letter about me without any provocation. I can't imagine any two people detesting one another more cordially than Robert and I."

"That is absurd, my dear," answered Mr. Preston placidly. "No man—Bob knows of all—would make such a speech as you mention, but I can easily believe that the fact of your being wealthy might lead him to conceal his feelings. From Mr. Lightfoot, on the other hand, I should not expect so much scrupulousness."

"Mr. Lightfoot," returned Violet, "has never given you any excuse for saying that."

"Well, I shouldn't expect it of him, that's all. I shouldn't expect it of the generality of mankind. Are you really under the impression that Mr. Lightfoot would marry you if you hadn't a penny?"

"I am quite sure that he would," replied Violet firmly; "and so you would be if you knew him better. Uncle William, if I can convince you that it is myself and not my money that Robert sues for, will you consent to—to what he wishes?"

Mr. Preston rubbed his hands and said cheerfully, "Now that is what I call sensible; that is bringing matters to a reasonable issue. Yes, my dear; you have only to convince me that this young man is wholly disinterested, and I will give you away to him on your wedding-day—I won't say with pleasure, but at least with proper resignation. You may tell him so from me, if you like."

The cautious solicitor thought he had never in his life taken upon him a safer engagement, and indeed Violet, who now left the room, was aware that the process by which conviction could be brought home to her uncle must needs be somewhat difficult of discovery. She had, however, already in her mind a half-formed project, which, if carried into effect, could not fail to silence the veriest skeptic.

The next day Mr. Lightfoot drove up to the door in a dog-cart, prepared to make formal announcement of his engagement to Violet, and to receive her ex-guardian's blessing or submit to his curses with an equal mind. But Mr. Preston was in his office at Westhampton, and it was Miss Ripley who received her suitor when he was admitted into the drawing-room. The first moment of meeting was one of some slight embarrassment to them both. Lightfoot was not sure how far he would be expected to assume the lover's part, and Violet was in mortal terror, lest he should assume it only too unequivocally. She therefore contrived, with more agility than grace, to keep a barrier of furniture between her and her visitor until he was safely seated; after which she contrived to emerge from her intrenchments and took a chair opposite to him.

"Your uncle is not at home, I hear."

"No, and I am glad he is not, because I wanted to see you before you spoke to him. I am sorry to say that he objects decidedly to our engagement."

"Ah! I expected that," observed Lightfoot.

"But why!" asked Violet, with a touch of impatience. "Why should you have expected him to object?"

"Why, naturally, because he doesn't want to lose the interest of a fortune," thought Lightfoot. But he only looked down and said, "Have you forgotten what I told you the other day about my father?"

"Oh, but indeed it was not that!" cried Violet. "I am sure he never—at least, that was not at all what he was thinking of. I had better say it out at once, though it is rather disagreeable. He accused you of being mercenary."

"Yes? Well, you see, Miss Ripley, a good many people are mercenary."

"So it seems, but I hope you are not one of them."

"I hope not. Only a man who marries an heiress must be prepared for such accusations, and I'm afraid we can't alter the fact that you are an heiress. I don't think we ought to let your uncle's opposition trouble us too much. No doubt it would be far pleasanter to have his cordial approval of our marriage, but if we can't have it—well, we must do without it."

Violet drew back. "I could not do that," she said. "I couldn't marry you, or any one, without my uncle's consent. He has always been like a father to me, and however much I might think him in the wrong, I should feel it impossible to defy him. But I think I can bring him round."

Lightfoot swallowed down his irritation. "You are quite right, Miss Ripley," he said quietly, "and I will do my best to be patient if you don't succeed at first. The unfortunate thing is that your uncle is one of those practical men who don't change their opinion without clear evidence to go upon, and how we are to bring evidence to show that I am not mercenary I confess I don't quite see."

"Yet such a thing might be done," observed Violet. "Mr. Lightfoot, would you mind if I had no money—if I gave all my money away?"

Lightfoot's heart stood still; but he had great self command, and his face did not change. To whom could she give her money away? Not to Mr. Preston, who would never dare to risk his reputation by accepting such a gift. Not to a charity; for her uncle might safely be trusted to avert so dire a catastrophe as that. On the other hand, the threat, if made in good faith, as it doubtless would be, might prove effectual in overcoming the old man's obstinacy. These reflections, which passed through his brain like lightning, enabled him to answer with perfect composure. "Surely you need hardly have asked that question. Are you, too, beginning to suspect me of being a fortune-hunter?"

Violet's reply was intercepted by the entrance of Mrs. Preston, who had not been informed of Mr. Lightfoot's presence, and who was thrown into such agony of embarrassment when she recognized him that he felt bound in common humanity to release her from her sufferings and take himself off with all dispatch. He would have been glad to have heard something rather more explicit from Miss Ripley with regard to her intentions, but upon the whole he was not ill-satisfied, feeling that there could be no real danger with her parting with her fortune. "What a fool that girl is!" he muttered to himself as he drove out of the gates. "I was very nearly in love with her an hour ago, but I'll be hanged if I am now."

Violet, at the same moment, was replying to certain tearful ejaculations of her aunt's. "What do I see in him? I see that he is trustworthy and unselfish, and that he cares for me for my own sake. Isn't that enough? I never noticed his nose. I dare say it is a snub, as you say so; but really I shouldn't care if it were as crooked as a ram's horn. I am not particular about noses."

All that evening Mr. Preston was bland and amiable. He made no allusion to his niece's matrimonial prospects, and when she begged for a few minutes' private conversation on business, answered that if to-morrow morning would do as well he should prefer to wait. "Never hurry your lawyer, my dear," said he with a comfortable sigh. "There is always plenty of time—plenty of time."

Violet smiled. If her uncle had guessed what the nature of her business was, he would have been a little less apathetic, she thought. And when the next morning came, she certainly had the satisfaction of startling him out of his professional composure.

"If you please Uncle William," said she demurely, "I want you to draw out a deed of gift—that is the proper expression, is it not?—making over the whole of my money to my well beloved cousin, Robert Preston."

Mr Preston bounded on his chair, and his double eye-glass dropped. "You mean this for a joke, I suppose," he said presently.

"Oh, no. Some people value money above all things, you know, and others don't care so much about it. It is a pity not to gratify everybody's tastes, when one has the power. At any rate, I suppose you will admit now that Mr. Lightfoot is not a fortune hunter?"

"May I ask whether Mr. Lightfoot has been informed of your scheme?"

"I had not time to tell him all about it, but I believe he understood that I meant to part with my money."

"Ah!" said Preston, stretching out his legs and leaning back in his chair with a smile. "Well, Violet, I can only say that if, after you have impoverished yourself, he is still willing to marry you, I shall be proud to welcome him into the family; but I am afraid I must decline to give you the assistance which you ask for. You see, people would be sure to say unpleasant things about it, and much as I value money, I value my character even more highly. Still, if I rather my proposal, I dare say there are lawyers in Westhampton who would do the business for you. Robinson, for instance—a very respectable man in his small way."

"Thank you," said Violet. "Then I will lose no time in applying to him." With that she rose to leave the room, but rather marred the dignity of her exit by pausing upon the threshold to say, "I suppose we may take it for granted that Robert will accept this money?"

"That," replied Mr. Preston, "is a point upon which I don't feel called upon to offer an opinion."

"I think he will accept," said Violet defiantly.

"Well," answered her uncle, with perfect good humor. "perhaps he will. Perhaps he will."

So Miss Ripley with an uncomfort able impression that the interview had somehow or other been lacking in dramatic effect, drove off to Westhampton, where, under her orders, the astonished Robinson duly drew up a rough copy of the deed which was to deprive his client of all means of subsistence.

As for Mr. Preston, he too betook himself to the town shortly afterwards, and, having written and despatched a letter to Portsmouth, sat down in the arm-chair at his office, rubbing his hands and chuckling softly. "I call this great fun," he said aloud; and when his eldest son, a grave personage, inquired to what he alluded, he replied, "Oh, to nothing worth repeating. You wouldn't see the joke, Thomas."

Two days elapsed upon both of which Mr. Lightfoot called at Mayfield, with the discouraging result of finding nobody at home; and on the third Violet, who had purposely avoided meeting her suitor until she should have tidings of importance to communicate to him, received the following letter:

"High Street, Westhampton,

"August 3, 188—,

"Madam,—We beg to inform you that we have this day heard from Lieutenant Robert Preston, H.M.S. Excellent, Portsmouth, who expresses his readiness to accept the personal property which you desire to be conveyed to him, and which, as we understood from you, amounts in round numbers to forty thousand pounds (£40,000). Awaiting your further instructions, we have the honor to be, madam,

"Your obedient servants,

"ROBINSON & THOMPSON."

There was a curt and businesslike tone about the missive which was not altogether satisfactory to its recipient. She had, however, the comfort of tossing it across the table to her uncle and remarking, "I told you so!"

Mr. Preston deliberately stuck his glass on his nose and read the letter through; after which he remarked "Hah!" Then he restored it to its envelope and handed it back to his niece with a subdued "Hum!"—which two ejaculations apparently exhausted all that he had to say upon the subject.

"You see!" cried Violet triumphantly.

"I see;—yes. And now perhaps I had better see Mr. Lightfoot."

"The sooner the better. I will send a note at once asking him to come over. But I think I ought just to tell him what I have done before he meets you, Uncle William."

Mr. Preston said that that would do doubt be the best plan; and so, when Mr. Lightfoot put in an appearance—as he did within the hour—he was shown into the drawing-room, where Miss Ripley, with sparkling eyes and a slightly flushed face, was waiting for him.

She presented so much the appearance of being in a towering passion that Lightfoot was seriously alarmed, and began to wonder which of the peccadilloes of his past life could have been reported to her.

"What is it, Miss Ripley?" he inquired anxiously. "I have not been so unlucky as to offend you?"

"You? Oh dear, no! I only wished to tell you something. You know I asked you, the other day, whether you would mind if I gave all my money away, and you said it was needless even to ask such a question. Well; now I have done it. I have given my money away, and my uncle can't possibly accuse you of being mercenary any longer. You will find him in his study, and—"

"You have given your money away!" exclaimed Lightfoot, aghast. "And to whom, pray?"

"To my cousin Robert—if it signifies."

"And do you mean to say he has taken it?"

Violet made a sign of assent.

"Then he must be the most contemptible fellow that ever walked this earth!"

"He is. At least, I don't know——. What does it matter whether he is or not? He has got what he wants, and we have got rid of what we don't want, and there's an end of it!"

"An end of it!—I should think there was an end of it!" was Lightfoot's unspoken comment. "Why, the girl's a raving maniac! Then he said aloud: "I very much regret, Miss Ripley, that you should have been so precipitate. When you spoke of parting with your fortune, I presumed, of course, that you were merely employing a figure of speech. I can assure you that my affection for you is not at all diminished by the sacrifice you have taken, although I may have my own opinion about your wisdom, and about the honesty of your relations. But as for marrying upon nothing but my small income, I am sorry to say that such a thing is altogether out of the question."

"Do you mean me to understand, then, that all is over between us?" inquired Violet, maintaining her composure very creditably.

"I fear that it must be so. I need not say how painful this is to me."

"You need not; I can fully enter into your feelings of disappointment. I also am disappointed in you. Probably, though, you are no worse than your neighbors, and I do not forget that you saved my life. I am only sorry that it has turned out less valuable than you supposed at the time. Good-bye, Mr. Lightfoot."

"Good-bye, Miss Ripley. I hope you will not live to repent of your mistaken generosity."

When the door had closed behind the discomfited Lightfoot, Violet betook herself to her uncle's study.

Well; has he gone?" asked Mr. Preston.

"He has gone. Uncle William, I find that I have been mistaken in Mr. Lightfoot."

"Oh, indeed! Well, I don't wish to speak in any spirit of boastfulness, but I am bound to say that I never made any mistake about him from the first. The truth is, my dear girl, that although you might not suppose it, I really know a little more about men and things than you do. I know, for instance, that when a young lady talks about marrying A and hand-ing over all her possessions to B, she does not in her heart of hearts believe that B stands for Barabbas, or A for Angel. B does not stand for Barabbas, my dear, but for Bob, and Robert is not a robber. If, by any chance, you should think that you owe him an apology, you will soon have an opportunity of offering it, for I have made so bold as to telegraph for him in anticipation of what has occurred, and it would not surprise me if he were to arrive by the evening express."

Having thus delivered himself, Mr. Preston seized his hat and escaped from the house before any reply could be made; and it may be presumed that Violet spent the remainder of the day in a wholesome exercise of self-examination, for when Bob was sent out into the garden, that evening, to look for his cousin, he found her very meek and subdued.

"My father tells me that you are anxious to beg my pardon," he remarked after they had shaken hands.

"I don't know why he should think so; but I am sure I am willing to beg your pardon, Bob, if you consider yourself aggrieved. As everybody seems to be against me, I suppose I had better confess myself in the wrong at once, for the sake of peace; though I do think that, if there is to be any begging of pardons, you might begin by begging mine for the horrid letter that you wrote about me."

"I don't see that at all," returned Bob. "I wrote that I expected to hear of your engagement to Lightfoot very soon, and I did hear of it sooner even than I had anticipated. Was that any reason for throwing forty thousand pounds in such a studied insult at my head? How you can ever have believed that I was serious in accepting such a gift passes my comprehension!"

"You did accept it, though."

"Only in obedience to my father's instructions. He said there was no other way of opening your eyes and saving you from a life of misery. So I did as I was told: though I confess that I didn't half like it. A pretty fool I should have looked if Lightfoot had been sharp enough to see the trap!"

"Poor Mr. Lightfoot! And I should have been burnt to death but for his presence of mind. I don't think it was very nice of you to write about him in that sneering way. Why did you do it, Bob?"

"Because I was jealous of him, I suppose. Oh, Violet, you must have known the truth!—you must have known that I loved you from the very first day that we met. I should have told you so long ago, if it hadn't been for that cursed money! And even now——"

"Don't call your money names," she interrupted quickly, "you won't find it a curse when you get used to it."

"It is not my money!" cried Bob. "What do you mean?"

"Only that it is your money, or will be very shortly. You took it, and now I am determined that you shall keep it."

"I pass for being a rather determined sort of person too," remarked Bob, "and I can assure you that I mean you to keep your money for yourself."

"Even against my own wishes?"

"Without any regard for your wishes what soever."

"Well, then," said Violet with a sigh, "since we are both so obstinate, I suppose there is only one way out of the difficulty. You will have to take the money and me with it, Bob."

THE END.

Sent in a Letter.

The leaves are falling; so am I;
The few late flowers have moisture in the eye;
So have I, too.

Scarcely on any bough is heard
Joyous (or even unjoyous) bird
The whole wood through.

Winter may come; he brings but nigher
His circle (yearly narrower) to the fire
Where old friends meet.

Let him! now heaven is overcast,
And spring and summer both are past,
And all things sweet!

Conscientious.

In court.

"Prisoner, you admit having killed your wife?"

"Well, you see, yer honor, I couldn't live with her any longer, yer honor at all."

"You might have obtained a divorce."

"Never; it's dead agin my religious convictions."

More Valuable Than Money.

Brown—Lucky dog, that Smith, ain't he?

Jones—Why, what's up now?

His mother-in-law has just died and left him her sole heir.

Was the old lady wealthy?

No. She didn't leave a dollar, but she had laid in her winter's supply of coal.

The Louisville doctors assert that smoking forty cigarettes a day will make an idiot of the smoker; but they are in error. Even forty cigarettes cannot do what nature did in the first place.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

"WITHOUT A MOMENT'S WARNING SHE FOUND HERSELF THROWN DOWN UPON THE GRASS."

"THE LANGUAGE EMPLOYED ON BOTH SIDES WAS CALM AND SOBER."

"VIOLET REPLY WAS INTERCEPTED BY THE ENTRANCE OF MRS. PRESTON."

The Old Sleigh.

"'Lizabeth!" "Yes, coming. There, mother, the old speckled hen has returned thanks at last," holding up a plump white egg that would do credit to any queen of the poultry yard.

The foregoing interesting conversation occurred in the bright, sunny kitchen of a farm house in Vermont. It was just such a rural New England home as one might have seen fifty years ago.

"Well, I always said that hen was thankful for past mercies, though your father would laugh every time I said so. Liddy Stephens has just been here; she wanted to see you, but you was gone so long I thought you must be down to Miss Pennell's."

"Yes, I met her as I came through the yard."

"She didn't tell you the news, did she?"

"She told me Will Marston had returned from California."

"It does beat all 'bout that boy—seems just like the piece of poetry you read 'bout the feller that went off and stayed so many years, and then came back and took his mother out of the poorhouse—only it's the father this time. 'The very worst of the deacon's six,' it called him, and that's just what Will was then. I never believed he had anything to do with that scrape down to the village. Liddy says he's terrible rich, and is going to take care of his father; the deacon must be glad, for I guess he's staid with Caleb most as long as he can, comfortably. They say he's going to marry Sam Miller's daughter Ruth. You see when Bob Miller went out there for his health, Will found him out and done lots o' little kindnesses for him, and when he was too sick to write home, Will wrote for him. Part of the time Sam was sick himself, so Ruth answered the letters, and he fell in love with her that way. There didn't anybody but the deacon and the Millers know he was coming. Sam drove down to the depot and drove him up to Caleb's. Guess they was some surprised to see him."

There is no knowing how long Mrs. Allen would have gone on, her tongue keeping time to the busy click-clack of the needles, had not Mr. Allen's step sounded on the walk.

'Lizabeth never talked much, and she did not miss her silence to-night. A slight quiver about the sensitive mouth alone told how keenly the words were felt, and the sigh of relief which escaped at the welcome sound of her father's voice was lost in the noise he made as he entered, stamping the snow off his boots.

"Why, father, does it snow? I ben so busy talking, I haint thought to look out of the window for some time."

"Yes, it's begun to come down quite smart. I shouldn't wonder if it was good sleighing by to-morrow."

"You don't think it's going to be a long storm?"

Mrs. Allen's face wore an anxious expression as she asked the question, for a long storm meant days of exile to her.

"No. I sh'll be surprised of it don't clear up to-morrow noon—so's 'Lizabeth an' I can take a ride to the village. Tha'll be a treat, won't it, darter?" and the smile that lighted up his daughter's face pleased him more than any answer could have done. "Guess I'll get the old sleigh out. Ben Smith's ben down to the city, an' he says he saw lots just like it; it's five years since I sent Jim to the village for the new one, an' it's never been out since. I'm glad it's come into fashion again, for I never enjoyed myself complete in the new—always felt a little above my station." And Farmer Allen's laugh rang out through the old sitting-room at the fitness of his remark.

"Well, 'Lizabeth, you get supper on the table, and I'll tell father the news while he warms his feet. He's been down to the wood lot all the afternoon, and hain't heard nothing of the strange things that has been happening here."

Having arranged affairs to her satisfaction, the stocking Mrs. Allen had dropped on the entrance of her husband continued to grow under her deft fingers, while the news lost none of its zest by repetition.

That night, after 'Lizabeth had taken her candle and said good night, Mr. Allen sat for some time looking into the fire, then suddenly broke out:

"Mother, mother, don't you think our 'Lizabeth looked kind o' jaded? Then she don't seem to eat as much as usual."

"There, father, you're fretting 'bout that girl. I don't know what you'd a-done if you'd a had six, like your brother Jonathan."

"I didn't know but that news about Will might affect her some; you know they used to think so much of each other."

"Massy, father! that was years and years ago, when they was children. 'Lizabeth's too sensible a girl to let a fellow like Will Marston disturb her. When he stopped writing she gave him up. She's worked hard to-day, and a good night's rest will bring her round."

There seemed nothing more to be said; so he took a light and proceeded to make everything safe for the night. But long after good wife was asleep, he lay awake thinking of the pale face his daughter had lifted for her good-night kiss.

'Lizabeth was not likely to get the strength her mother thought from a good night's rest. Until the first rays of morning lighted up the east she lay thinking of the old days, and living them over again. She could not remember the time when she and Will had not belonged to each other.

When they were children he had drawn her to and from school on his sled, saved for her the largest part of his apple and fought all her battles with a vigor worthy of an older knight. When the years in their flight made them no longer children it was always Will who, at the close of meeting or singing school, drew her arm through his with an air of proprietorship and started for the Allen farm.

After his mother's death he had not chosen his associates wisely, but in spite of opposition, without disobedience, she had clung to him and still trusted.

Then came the affair of the village. One dark night a party of roughs had broken into Squire Peasley's barn, tied together the legs of his hens, nailed up Whitefoot's stall, and then climbing the roof of the ell, placed a board soaked in salt water over the chimney. The old gentleman, who lived alone, was obliged to travel on a slippery morning to the nearest neighbor for help; and the villagers were justly indignant, and anxious to punish the miscreants, but no clue to them could be found.

Will was away from home that night, and suspicion rested on him as one of the party, until he could bear it no longer, and decided to go away.

It seemed but yesterday, their parting in the old trysting place. Will had slipped the tiny gold band he wore on her finger—it seemed a thread of gold now—asking her to wear it until he came back.

"For," said he, "I shall not return until I can offer you a name and a home. Somehow Satan has had possession of me lately, but, as bad as I am, I would scorn to do what they accuse me of, torture a feeble old man. While you believe and trust me there are plenty who do not," and with a last "Good-bye, my Beth," he was gone.

When the first letter came addressed to "Miss Beth Allen," in Will's round, boyish hand, Mr. Allen frowned, and his wife scolded, but when she was for stopping the correspondence at once he said:

"There, mother, let her write to him now if she wants to. She can't do him any harm, and I can trust her for a true Allen not to go far wrong."

So the matter was dropped, and for five years 'Lizabeth's letters were received without comment; then they ceased suddenly and unexpectedly. For months she watched the mails with an anxious face. Mrs. Allen shook her head, with an "I told you he didn't amount to anything," whenever there was no one but her husband to hear, and Mr. Allen watched in silence.

Time does much toward healing such wounds, and five years made it seem more like an unpleasant dream than a reality, when the news of Will's return awakened the memories of other days.

For once Mr. Allen was weather wise. The snow had fallen through the night, covering the earth with a mantle, the feathery flakes continuing to come lazily down until just before twelve o'clock, when there was a rift in the western sky, and when the old yellow sleigh stood at the door the sun shone as brightly as ever.

"Be careful, father, and don't let 'Lizabeth get cold waiting for you," was Mrs. Allen's parting injunction as she came to the door to see them off.

There was just enough wind to lift the newly fallen snow and send it in little whirls to lie sparkling and glistening a few rods from where it had fallen. Robin was in excellent spirits, and Mr. Allen declared, as he drew up in front of the village post office, that the distance had never seemed so short.

"Draw the robe close around you darter, and don't get tired of waiting. I've got to bargain with Sam Chase about that stove, but I'll be quick as I can; then we'll drive down to Burnham's and get that book you mentioned."

With this and an extra pull at Robin's blanket, Mr. Allen was gone.

"Father is right; the old sleigh is more comfortable than the new one," 'Lizabeth thought, as she nestled down in one corner, drawing the robe more closely to keep out the puffs of wind that tried to find an entrance at all corners.

While tucking the robes between the cushion and one side of the sleigh, her finger touched something smooth, like paper.

"One of father's old receipts; he's so careless," she thought, with a fond smile, as she drew it forth for inspection.

But a glance was needed to show her mistake.

It was a letter, yellow with age, unopened, and addressed to herself in the handwriting she knew so well. She could scarcely trust her eyes, but there was the familiar post-mark, San Francisco, and she was just leaning forward to read the date, when a gust of wind taking it from her hand, deposited it at the feet of a gentleman passing by.

She dared not look up, but in a moment he was holding it toward her, saying:

"Is this your property, Miss Allen?"

At the sound of his voice, so little changed that she would know it anywhere, the hot blood rushed to her face, and she had scarcely courage to reply:

"I think so. I never saw it before."

She felt the keen eyes search her eyes, and there was a touch of scorn in the question that followed:

"It is an old letter addressed to you, and you never saw it before?"

She felt that she must vindicate herself, and her answer came full and clear.

"I just found it in the old sleigh. I do not know how long it has lain there."

He glanced again at the letter; it must be the same one; he knew the date so well. The tone was almost eager now.

"You never saw it before, Beth? You did not receive my last letter, and leave it unanswered?"

"Could you doubt me, Will?"

She was looking him in the face now.

"I might have known better; but you were always so punctual, and when I received no answer to my last letter I was too proud to write and ask an explanation. I thought you had given me up, like every one else in B——. Can you forgive my want of confidence?"

But he needed not words for an answer.

When Mr. Allen came hurrying back, the old sleigh had two occupants. It was some time before they could explain affairs to his bewildered mind, but when light began to dawn upon him he exclaimed,—

"It was that Jim—he's so careless! Lost a letter for me once."

Will was persuaded to accompany them home and it was a very merry party that surprised Mrs. Allen by their very early appearance.

As soon as possible Mr. Allen hurried his wife off to the kitchen to unravel the mystery, while Will and 'Lizabeth read and re-read the old letter by the light of the hickory fire.

What Ruth Miller would say was a source of much anxiety to Mrs. Allen, until one day Will remarked, much to her peace of mind, that Ruth had been engaged for some time to a friend of his in the West—a gentleman she had met some years before, while visiting in the city.

The house upon the hill Will and 'Lizabeth call home, and the old yellow sleigh—well, Mr. Allen says,—

"It's not every sleigh can boast of a romance like that."

A Real Valentine.

I sent my love a valentine
Overwritten with a vish of mine,
Which I had put in tender phrase
By twisting it in many ways.
The rhyme, like others of its kind,
Was all of Cupid painted blind:
The silly things the rascal said
Were meant to turn my sweetheart's head,
And make her think I was time to give
Encouragement to me to live.

Not long from this an answer came
Signed by that portion of her name
Which I had never dared to speak
Lest I should suffer on the cheek.

Wrote she: "Were I an oculist,
I'd have young Cupid's two eyes kissed;
I'd take the bandage off that he
The object of his love might see;
Then, if he really loves her well,
He'll go to her himself and tell."

I knew just what that message meant;
I donned my coat and hat and went,
And set before her Cupid's verses
In plain and much embarrassed prose:
Whereat she blushed with tenderness
The rascal's eyes, and told me
"Yes."

—Idle Idyller.

Pot Luck.—"Come and partake of pot luck with me, Schimmel," said Jones. Schimmel went, but declined a help of cold mutton. "Nein, dank you kindly, zare," he remarked, "I do vaite vor dot goot pote loock."

Funny Fancies.

The best illustrated paper out—a bank note.

Working like a horse—a lawyer drawing up a conveyance.

The best agents to employ for rent abatement—needle and thread.

What we want is not to see ourselves as others see us. We want to have others see us as we see ourselves.

Williams College students have formed a brass band. Hazing has been forbidden, and they had to do something.

No matter how economically a corset may be made, there is bound to be a waist of raw material in it.—*Ottawa (Kan.) Sunday Times.*

Rural Felicity.—Sympathetic Old Parson—You appear in deep thought, my friend. May I ask what chiefly occupies your mind? Countryman—Maistly now!

In her remarks to Parliament the Queen started off, "My Lords and Gentlemen." Even the Queen is beginning to see that there is a distinction between her lords and gentlemen.

Remarks one would rather have left unanswered.—"Well, good-bye, dear Mrs. Jones. I'm afraid I've put you out by calling at this unearthly hour." "Oh, I hope I didn't show it!"

Question for Father.—Father (with much solemnity)—Whatever you do, my boy, begin at the bottom and work up. Son (deferentially)—But, father, suppose I was going to dig a well?

It is stated that western bears toboggan down the mountain side in a sitting posture. That is the right way to toboggan, and the bear should be complimented on his level head as well as on his sliding seat.

Guest (calling down through speaking-tube)—Quick! What shall I do? There's a man under my bed.

Night clerk—Sleep on top of the bed; it doesn't cost any more.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

There is only one thing we know of that is worse than being called upon unexpectedly to make an after-dinner speech. That is to prepare an after-dinner speech and not be asked to deliver it.

At a Recent Harvard Assembly.

Miss Brimmer *(between gasps)*—You'll p-pardon—me—Mr. Seares if—I remind you that—this is simply a figure—in the german, and—not a t-tackle in a foot-ball-match.

Mrs. Lastyn (to her dearest friend)—Yes, Aurelia, my husband proposed to me three times before I accepted him.

The D. F.—You always were a reckless girl, Josephine.—*Puck.*

A treasure still in the possession of the Empress Eugenie is an umbrella, the handle of which is a mass of rare jewels. The umbrella was purchased at a cost of $2,000. The Empress has not used it since her husband stopped reigning.

A rural debating society recently discussed the question, Resolved that the Dakota blizzard is not so bad as the poetry printed about it. The decision was in the affirmative, on the ground that it was easier to escape the blizzard.—*Norristown Herald.*

A priest is called in to see a poor old hackman who is on his death-bed.

The priest (solemnly)—Have you been in the habit of going to church?

The hackman (faintly)—No; but (his face brightening) I've driven lots of people there.

She—Oh, how do you do, dear Mr. Lyon? Have you forgiven me for cutting you at Mrs. Leo Hunter's last night? I was actually stupid enough to take you for that horrid bore, Mr. Tetterby Thompson, whom you've said to be so like. It's a horrid libel; you're not like him a bit. He—A—a—I wasn't at Mrs. Leo Hunter's last night—a—and my name is Tetterby Thompson!

A party of men were discussing the various modes of electing members of a club, in Boston the other day, when George W. Towle said: "In the Round Table club the scheme is simplicity itself. When at dinner the president announces the name of the candidate. If it is received in silence, he is a member from that moment; but if any one says 'O, h—!' there is no election."—*Ex.*

"What garment is this, Maria?" asks a young husband. "It is a shirt, Arthur. I made it all myself as a surprise for you." "How good you are, darling!" said the husband, tenderly. "Can you think I'll ever soil that beautiful shirt by wearing it? Never! I shall keep it and cherish it forever. I wouldn't wear that shirt down town, dear, for a whole year's salary."

A trap—He—Miss Angelina, I love you. She—But I haven't a penny in the world. He—Excuse me, you did not allow me to finish. I love you not. She—So. I only wanted to try you. You see, I have a fortune of ten thousand pounds. He—Yes; but you interrupted me again. I love you not for your money's sake. She—Well, I'm so glad, for that was only a joke about the ten thousand pounds.

"Why, yes, I have seen a good deal of Tom Bigbee recently. Fact is, he's one of the most entertaining men I ever met. Really, I didn't know there was so much in him. He's positively brilliant when you get him talking. Most delightful companion, and so hospitable and—"

"I see. Which of Bigbee's sisters is it—the little one with the black hair or the tall blonde one?"

"It's the little one with black hair."

To Assist the Bellows-Boy.

Mr. De Trop sings in the choir and breathes audibly during the rests.

Miss Staccato—What do you think of Mr. De Trop's singing?

Organist—It's very good, but I think we could use him to better advantage by having him breathe into the organ!

The Only Way.

Mary—George, if I die, promise me one thing.

George—What is it, Mary?

Mary—That you will marry Emma Wilkins.

George—Why, I thought you hated her, Mary?

Mary—I do, George. I want to get even with her.

Romance versus Reality.

Wife (on her husband's return from his office)—I came across a lot of your old love letters to-day, dear, in one of the trunks upstairs. Ah, John, how you did love me!

Husband—Yes, indeed. Is dinner ready? I'm as hungry as a tramp.—*Harper's Bazar.*

A New Figure in the German.

A novel feature was introduced at President Carnot's last ball. It is called a new "figure," though it is rather a species of game—a contest of agility, in fact, between the male dancers, who alone take part in it, the prize being a wager with the lady who gives the signal for it. This she does by launching a toy balloon in the air, and the salatory competition which it provokes among the young men in their frantic efforts to reach the miniature aerostat and secure the prize is said to be extremely diverting.

Holding His Own.

They were in the parlor, occupying one chair, with but a single thought. They had discussed the tariff, the Irish question, the sleighing, the opera, the weather and other important topics, till conversation was about fagged out. After a long pause:

"Ducky."

"Whatty?"

"I was think I am making any progress in courting?"

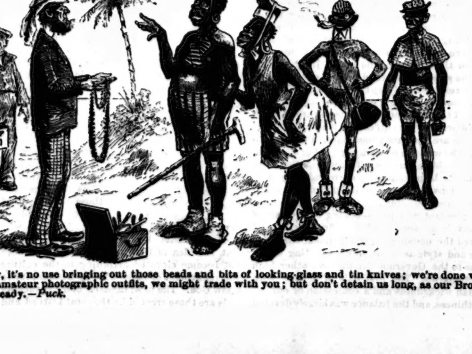
"Well, I should say you were holding your own."

Tableau.

Glimpses Inside a Great Publishing House.

The speech of Mr. George Routledge at a complimentary dinner was certainly the best of the unreported sayings of last week. He told the story of fifty years of most active publishing; how he began at Carlisle when parcels went by a mail coach from London; how 30,000 copies of the Colleen Bawn were sold during the performance at the Adelphi, 100,000 copies of Grant's Romance of War; how in 1852 Uncle Tom's Cabin sold at the rate of 10,000 copies a day; how he paid a royalty of 2d. a copy on Beechy, and sold 50,000; how in 1853 he engaged with the late Lord Lytton "to pay him a sum of £20,000 for a term of ten years," and how "the agreement was carried out to the letter"; how the firm then purchased from the present Lord Lytton "all the copyrights and plant." Mr. Routledge said, "We have for this author's works nearly paid the sum of £40,000." He spent £1,000 upon the illustrations of an edition of Longfellow's poetical works, and gave £1,000 to Mr. Howard Staunton for editing an edition of Shakespeare, the plant of the work costing £10,000. He sold 10,000 copies of Rarey's Horse Taming, and appears by so doing to have spoilt Rarey's tenguinea lectures. The copy was brought from New York by a gentleman, who got £326 for his trip. Mr. Routledge gave Longfellow £1,000 for his New England Tragedies, and £500 for his Dante. Mr. Routledge said, "For fifty years I can say I have published 100 books each year, or two a week."

The March of Civilization.



South Sea Island Chief—Now, my dear fellow, it's no use bringing out those beads and bits of looking-glass and tin knives; we're done with all that. If you've got any lawn-tennis sets, or amateur photographic outfits, we might trade with you; but don't detain us long, as our Browning Club meets at three and we're a little late already.—*Puck.*

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THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD, - - Editor.

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Social Pretenders.

The ease with which social pretenders, claiming to be "somebody" in England, succeed in imposing upon those moving in fashionable circles in Canada and the United States is something surprising. We are continually reading of instances in which flashy, brassy adventurers, without other stock-in-trade than a well-fitting suit of clothes, a fluent tongue, a ready imagination and an utter absence of principle, succeed in passing themselves off as members of the proudest aristocracy in the world, or, at all events, as being closely connected with it. It is amazing that people who, in their intercourse with their neighbors and fellow-countrymen are disposed to be exclusive and suspicious, should be so readily duped by pretenders whose claim would not stand the slightest investigation. We have no special veneration for the English aristocracy as a class, but even their worst enemies must admit that, whatever their faults may be, they are not those of vulgar self-assertion. They do not make a practice of boasting of their wealth and proclaiming their position aloud wherever they go. As a rule, the Englishman of the upper class is exceedingly reserved about his affairs. When he travels, if he wishes to enter society abroad, he comes provided with letters of introduction and credentials which place his identity and status beyond question. That the bumptious, swaggering adventurer, noisily and offensively asserting his rank should for a moment be able to dupe people of ordinary intelligence into the belief that he is what he claims to be shows a remarkable ignorance of the manners of English society. The bogus "lord" is only successful on the same principle by which charlatans and frauds in other lines have flourished—that men do not closely investigate that which they strongly wish to be true. Flattered by the condescension of a pretended scion of nobility and appreciating the honor of entertaining him, they are committed in advance to a blind and credulous faith in his ridiculous pretensions.

The same rule by which the claims of those pretending to social positions abroad may be judged is just as applicable to people of less lofty aspirations. These are everywhere men and women who without putting forward any such absurdly false claims as the bogus British "lords" seek to gain recognition in society by continual self-assertion and parading their gentility. The true gentleman—and still more the true lady—do not vaunt their claims to consideration. They have no need to. When you hear a person emphatically asserting that "I'm a gentleman, sir," it is the most conclusive proof that could be given that he is nothing of the kind and does not in fact know the meaning of the word.

Stage Struck Fashionables.

It is difficult to understand the infatuation which seizes so many ladies in good social positions and with ample means at their command, to go on the stage. It is quite intelligible that a poor girl, having to make her own livelihood, and thinking herself possessed of the requisite talents, should be dazzled by the rewards of even moderate dramatic success, and anxious to exchange the monotonous and ill-paid drudgery of ordinary pursuits for a career which offers at least a chance of wealth and position. Of late years, however, the ranks of the stage-struck have been largely recruited from the fashionable and well-to-do class. Ladies having comfortable homes and assured positions have been seized with the mania for becoming professional actresses and exchanging their pleasant surroundings for the hard work and fatiguing existence of the stage. No doubt this craze is largely due to the example of Mrs. Langtry, whose extensively advertised movements, both before and since her public appearances, have attracted such world-wide attention. A striking new departure in social life of any kind always provokes imitation, and it is to be feared that the Jersey Lily has much to answer for in turning the heads of giddy and thoughtless women who do not know when they are well off. They forget that theatrical or operatic successes are in the proportion of one to a thousand as compared with the failures. The glamour of the footlights blinds them to the disagreeable features of one of the most exacting and arduous of professions. Usually a brief experience of the actual realities of stage life is sufficient to disenchant those who, carried away by enthusiasm or love of notoriety, have embarked on a public career without counting the cost and estimating the obstacles in the way. The world is full of people seeking royal roads to fame or wealth, who regard with envy the successful few and think to tread in their footsteps. But of all such avenues to distinction, about the least promising to those who have not early in life evidenced a special fitness for it, is that of the stage.

The Decline of Hospitality.

One of the least admirable phases of social progress is the decline of the fine old-fashioned virtue of hospitality. A generation ago nobody thought of allowing even a casual visitor to depart without asking him to take refreshments of some kind. In country phrase "the latch string was always out," and when once the hreshold was crossed the best in the house was at the disposal of the guest. Doubtless this stom led to grave abuses and tended to promote the immoderate use of liquor. But the reaction has, we submit, gone too far in the other direction. Hospitality has largely disappeared in proportion as the temperance reform has gained ground. People have, to a great extent, abandoned the practice of offering stimulants to visitors and now in many cases do not give any refreshment. Frequently one may spend an entire evening at a friends house without being asked to eat or drink, while in the case of mere brief and casual visits the profier of sustenance for the inner man, once a matter of course—is altogether the exception rather than the rule. It is a matter for regret that hospitality should be on the decline, but we suppose it is inevitable in a hard, prosaic, matter-of-fact age. It bids fair in the future to be confined to formal entertainments and duly invited guests from whom the generous host expects a *quid pro quo* in due course.

School Teachers' Pay.

The disproportion between the pay of men and women engaged in exactly the same kind of work has been frequently commented on as a glaring injustice to the weaker sex. The annual report of the Provincial Department of Education contains some startling figures, showing the comparatively low salaries received by female school teachers. The average salary of a lady teacher in the province is only $290, that of a male being $424. In the cities and towns the disparity is still greater. While the men in cities receive $794 the female teachers only average $461.

It is hardly too strong language to say that this state of affairs is a disgrace to the province. It is nonsense to assert that there is no remedy—that salaries must be regulated by supply and demand, and that women can afford to live on less than men. How would Mr. Mowat or Mr. Ross like to have their salaries regulated by "supply and demand"? Low wages to females mean low wages to men employed in the same calling and the degradation of the status of the profession all round. What the Department of Education should do is to fix a minimum salary considerably above the average now received by lady teachers, and forbid the engagement of any teacher at a less figure.

Our Illustrations.

"Maud Muller," the charming picture on the first page by P. Bauer, is explained by Whittier's poem which accompanies it.

"Conceit," the picture on the tenth page explains itself. It is also known by the name "Une Citoyenne De Paris." It is by a French painter.

The magnificent illustration of the third page, entitled "The Division of the Booty," is by Joseph Weiser. The bandits have captured some tourists and are quarreling over the divisions of the boodle. One of them has drawn his sword and standing before the shrinking girl, who is supporting her aged father, swears that she shall be his share.

Song Growth.

For Saturday Night.

First, a striking simile,
Or a snatch of melody
Caught by waiting ear or eye,
Lingers in the memory.

There it lies for many a day
While the mind goes on its way,
Finds along with dredging care
Heedless of that usage fair:—
Leaving all its rhyme and reason
For a more convenient season;
Waiting, thus, in pensive mood,
Sleeps this beauty in a wood.

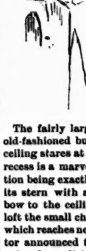
When occurs an intermission,
From more vulgar toils attrition
Then the mind the sad condition
Of this fancy views with pity,
Labors out some sort of ditty,
Wraps with wordy explication
To restore its animation:—
But in spite of all such pains
Lifeless still the thought remains.

Till, when in some darksome hour,
Humbled is the spirit's power,
And the pride of self recedes
Like the tide which shews the weeds,
When the soul its inmost needs
Sees; and as such sight befits
Prophet like in sackcloth sits,
In these shades of melancholy
Filled with inspiration holy,
Rises now that figure lowly,
Gathering strength and radiance slowly;
Like the moon, when daylight dies,
Brightening in the darkening skies,
Clothed in words of living shades
Reigns, the goddess of the scene.

Thus the artist's heart inspires
What the artist's eye acquires.

WILLIAM MCGILL.

Rev. Joshua Denovan.



A friend, the other day, suggested that if I wanted to hear an old-fashioned sermon of the Hardshell Baptist type, I should go and listen to the Rev. Joshua Denovan in the Alexander street Baptist church. I did want to hear such a sermon, and last Sunday night I hunted up the unfashionable little church and heard a man who is decidedly an original character in his way.

The fairly large church interior is not only old-fashioned but ugly. The loudly decorated ceiling stares at the grey walls and the pulpit recess is a marvel of bad taste, the centre portion being exactly like a row-boat standing on its stern with a plaster rosette fastening its bow to the ceiling of the arch. In the organ loft the small choir stand behind a music rack which reaches nearly up to their chins. The pastor announced that a committee had been appointed to solicit subscriptions toward altering and improving the edifice, and it struck me that changes are absolutely necessary. People often make the mistake of wanting too big a church, but I would be surprised if a congregation were willing to be permanently surrounded by ugly decorations such as distinguished the Alexander street building.

A pleasant and pious-looking clergyman, of a very inert sort, read the first hymn and offered the opening prayer in much the same tone and style as is usual in presenting an address to the Governor-General and other high functionaries. The first half of it dealt with human wickedness and a confession of our unworthiness, and the balance was largely devoted to references to the exalted attributes of Deity. After this a tall man with a bald well-shaped head, grey side whiskers, bristling eyebrows, and a distinctly Irish face stood behind the reading desk and made some announcements. This was Bro. Denovan, and his motions at once attracted my undivided attention. He has the most belligerent and defiant manner I ever saw in a pulpit, and his attitudes and gestures suggest that more than half the usual anatomical joints were omitted from his frame. I laid myself out for something strong in the line of Calvinism and total depravity, and the hymn he read prepared me for almost anything which might follow. I give the first three verses of it:

Great King of Glory and of Grace,
We own, with humble shame,
How vile is our degenerate race
And our first father's name.

From Adam flows our tainted blood,
The poison reigns within;
Makes us adverse to all that's good,
And willing slaves to Sin.

Daily we break Thy holy laws,
And then reject Thy grace,
Engaged in the Old Serpent's cause
Against our Master's face.

* * * *

With haste we run the dangerous road,
That leads to death and hell.

The above striking hymn, which indicates that mankind is hardly worth saving, was not supplemented by such a sermon as I expected. Without reading a chapter or making any introductory remarks, the exceedingly unconventional preacher, with the defiant and pugnacious manner, plunged into a discourse on "Knowledge of God," with "The world by wisdom knew not God," as the text. Before he had spoken sixty seconds I perceived that, under the disguise of a Donnybrook swagger, and behind a face which would pass anywhere as a piece of rough Irish landscape, there were culture, poetry, philosophy and a heart as warm and truly Irish as the face. Humor, too, shone out, and a vivid imagination touched every picture with dainty tints, such as some of those who in this city pass as leading preachers could not impart if they spent their lifetime in study. He read his sermon in a sort of a way, mixing it liberally with extemporary remarks, which made it difficult to tell if he had a manuscript or nothing but extended notes. He spoke of the voices of Nature; how the heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament showeth His handiwork, how day unto day uttereth speech and night unto night showeth knowledge. Then of the revelation God has given us. Men professing themselves wise have become vain in their imaginations, and their foolish heart was darkened and turned to serve the creation more than the Creator. These wise men will not learn of God through Nature or revelation, but carry their speculations into realms where they have no data upon which to base their conclusions, and where they can find nothing but a negation. To prove that the world by wisdom cannot know God he proceeded to show:

First, how easy it is for men to lose a knowledge of God. In less than four hundred years after the flood the descendants of Noah had abandoned the worship of God for idolatry.

Secondly, it has always been impossible for the greatest wisdom and learning to find God. In Ancient Rome and in classic Greece the greatest philosophers sought in vain, and yet modern critics in speaking of God's word and of Christ's teaching say, for instance of Christ's sermon on the Mount, "This needs no inspiration to produce, anyone with a little learning and good sense could formulate the Beatitudes." This is always the argument of ignorance. Of course everything is easy after it has been done. The steam engine and the telegraph look easy to those who take such things as a matter of course and they say, "We could have made these discoveries if we had taken pains to think the matter out." Ignorance always belittles genius and even inspiration cannot escape. As the speaker dwelt on this point his irony, scornful smile and dry humor made him not only interesting but charming. His familiarity with mythology and the vivid word pictures of old time heathen creeds made this portion of his sermon of absorbing interest. His laugh and queer grimaces as he described how the heathen sub-divided God's supervision of the universe into departments over each of which a demi-god had charge, were irresistible. I don't intend to give a summary of the sermon; it was a descriptive and argumentative discourse which can't be summarized. I can only give the simple sub-divisions around which he clustered his ideas.

In modern times men who have discarded the inspired word and dulled their ears to the voices of nature have tried to reason up to God and failed. They take themselves as the basis and all they can find out is what they would do if they were God! This daring presumption results in an idea of God as finite, as base as themselves. When men are left to themselves to formulate an idea of Deity, they always have something like themselves. Thus it was that those who loved wine started a demigod called Bacchus, those who adored female beauty worshipped Venus. But the idea of God evolved from man does not become elevated according to the culture and refinement of those who, by wisdom, try to know God. The most debased and debauching gods are those created by the most learned and civilized nations. It was so in ancient times; the tribes nearest nature worshipped the sun, the moon, fire, the wind, thunder and all the manifestations of God, while imperial Rome and classical Greece were deifying diseases, Moloch, big beetles, and the heroes of war! Modern learning does no better. Ancient gods had bad characters, and those who worshipped them were just as bad as their gods. Now-a-days bad men have bad gods, and when we come to sum everything up, and take into account that man is a religious animal and must worship as he must breathe, we are led to an examination of what worship is. The affections are the faculties which demand an object of worship. Like the climbing vine, our worship can get no higher than the object of attachment. We do not need to have images of stone or wood to be heathen. If we love female beauty more than anything else we worship at the shrine of Venus as much as any ancient heathen ever did. If we love poetry better than anything else we worship on Mount Parnassus and Apollo is our God. If wine or revelry is our greatest delight, Bacchus is our demi-god! What we love most is our idol, if God does not have our best affection, we are idolators. The world by wisdom cannot know God, and until our affections are bound up in Him, we do not worship Him, and are all idolators. Whatever man or woman likes, he or she makes a god of. By an application of this rule a good many people will find out how idolatrous they are! Concluding a discourse of surpassing interest with a brief appeal to his hearers to take these truths into their hearts he offered up a prayer.

With regard to the latter, I have a word to say in connection with similar references I have frequently made in criticising other preachers. Prayer is made too much a part of the programme, and the whole beauty of approaching the Divine Presence with a petition for strength, forgiveness and grace, is ruined by the pedantic, frivolous or exaggerated manner of the one who offers up the prayer. No matter if it be held that prayer is more subjective than objective—whether its effect on the suppliant be the chief aim, or that Divinity directly blesses or favors the one who asks—the result of public prayer in the mouth of one who does not possess either the gift or the spirit of prayer is bad. It was left for Rev. Joshua Denovan to reveal to me the absolute necessity of the criticisms I have made touching this matter, when I observed him last Sunday night take out his watch and look at the time in the midst of his prayer. I do not say he knew he did it, but it proved that he did not know he was praying.

DON.

Society Journalism and the Infelicities of Married Life.

To the Editor of Saturday Night.

SIR:—I am not, as a rule, a reader of society journals, nor—to be frank with you—have I much liking for society journalism. Towards little of this class of literature that comes to us from abroad have I been attracted; and rare have been the instances in which I have found any of it edifying or even amusing. In no sense could one speak of society journalism as an instrument of education; while from little of it can the reader gain even a profitable knowledge of the world. There is, however, a want, and it may be admitted, a legitimate want, for a good domestic newspaper—a journal, bright and entertaining, if not always the talent that may be trusted to enter the home, be scanned without harm by the ladies of one's family, and even read throughout by any or every member of the household. It is such a newspaper, I judge, that you have had in view in the publication of SATURDAY NIGHT; and from what I have seen of it, it seems to be your aim to make it clean and wholesome, as well as attractive reading. To find a profitable market, and to enlist for it that support which will make it a success, you have had to give prominence in its pages to society news—to the records, among other things, of balls, At Homes, dinners, kettle-drums, and to the thousand and one chronicilings of fashion. This may not be the work of a very elevated journalism, or the kind of intellectual labor you would perhaps seek from choice, or that which would bring you the most credit or the highest renown. Still, it is not in itself reprehensible; moreover, it is manifestly what society wants and is willing to pay for; and, looking at the venture from a purely commercial point of view, it is doubtless justified by the measure of success you have attained. This, with most people, who are neither prejudiced nor unreasonable, would be considered a sufficient *raison d'etre*, and with the decision of my betters I can have no cause of quarrel.

There are two things in connection with such a species of journalism as yours which strike me as worthy of approving comment, in so far as you have had them in view in the conduct of SATURDAY NIGHT. The one is, the evident desire on your part, so far as I have noticed, to keep the journal free from personalities and offensive comment, either direct or allusive; the other is the equally evident desire, without too much "preachment" or didactic intrusiveness, to deliver yourself of an occasional and wholesome homily, and to deal out when necessary, a trenchant, but just, criticism on flagrant abuses of trust and on society's shortcomings. The first of these, I need hardly tell you, is the rock on which many a similar venture has been wrecked. The unbridled publication of calumnies and scandals, and the holding in light esteem of public men or private individuals, so characteristic of our time, is not only a grave and increasing evil, but as it leads to more and more license, it strikes a fatal blow at the most vital interests of the community, and withdraws from public life many sensitive and high-minded men whose abilities and influence might be of infinite service, as well as an honor, to it. Nothing is more true than that every man feels himself stronger in his relations with the world and with his fellow-men, when surrounded with consideration, esteem and respect. These, if society is to hold together, we owe to each other; if deserved, we not unnaturally look to be the recipients of them, in some measure, ourselves. Therefore, if you would avoid the fate of your predecessors, and continue to commend your enterprise to a fair-minded and favorably-disposed public, you will maintain a rigid supervision of your columns, in the matter of personalities, and particularly of that department of your journal which, from its nature, is permitted only by courtesy and under the code of honor to invade the privacy of home. The second point I approach with some delicacy; but I do so with less reluctance, as, in regard to it, you have in your late issues not only shown yourself eminently discreet, but capable of writing on the subject with a high moral tone and with an utter absence of sensationalism. With a like restraint and delicacy I desire, with your permission, to say a few words on a kindred topic.

First let me very heartily and sincerely commend the wholesomeness of your homily of the 18th ult. on a certain topic which, infinitely cruel and perfidious as the act was in itself, and exciting in us, for those who are its victims, our keenest sympathy, was a lesson for society which it will do well to heed. Scarcely anything could be more effective than the way in which you pointed the moral of that foul act of desertion and dishonor paid to the sanctities of a fair and attractive home, or more impressive than the vivid manner in which you depicted the inevitable consequences to the erring couple whose baseness has thrown a blight upon that home, and cast a shadow, more cruel than the grave, upon its confiding but betrayed inmates. The act has not a redeeming feature, and it is utterly without palliation or excuse. Only the blackest sorcery, or the most defiant and shameless disregard of duty and honor, could have prompted it; and you have done well to show not only that the cup of bitterness is now held to the lips of a sweet young matron who has been cruelly bereft and despoiled, but that the nemesis of fate will inevitably keep a like bitter draught to the lips of those whose perfidy has wrought the woe. If faithlessness has brought the chief victim to the grave of her happiness, the female partner in the social crime that has been committed, as you well point out, can look for the exercise of no higher fidelity in securing *her* future, but a further relaxation of vows and obligations, and ultimately the same desertion which she has here been in part the instrument of bringing about. The law is inexorable that we reap what we sow, and journalism well fulfils its mission, in dealing with moral obliquity, when with earnestness and sincerity it illustrates and enforces the lesson.

This painful domestic drama suggests a few words to men in their relations with home and those who strive to make it sacred to them, which, perhaps, you will suffer me briefly to speak of. It is proper here to remark that what we now propose to say has no bearing whatever on the case to which reference has already been made. Those who have seen much of the world, and have had some knowledge of the married life of our modern communities, must view with regret the waning of that reverent and chivalrous regard for a wife which marked the relations of the husband of a past generation. We do not, of course, affirm that domestic infelicity is a new and lately-developed evil, for which our modern life is alone responsible. The apple of family discord, indeed, is a fruit which was familiar to an early, if not to a primeval, time. But if we may judge from the frequency of social scandals, reflecting on conjugal life, and from the sad records of the Divorce Court, it is manifest that, whatever the reason, the age has not gained in domestic happiness. Various, no doubt, are the causes of this, and to examine even briefly a few of them is beyond our present purpose. Marriages nowadays are often so mercenary in their contract that the higher aims and duties of married life and the sweet companionship of well-mated minds and dispositions are rarely fully considered in entering upon the estate. Where the motive to form a home has been the lust of social aggrandizement and display, cultivated sensibility and affection must be crowded out, and with them must go the romance that used to gild the happy but illusive days of courtship. If affection and consideration disappear, then the poetic sentiment and chivalrous feeling cannot long survive when the irritants of rudeness and neglect come into play. How little men think of this, or of the fact, which I take to be indisputable, that the whole life of a woman is an impressible longing for sympathy, communion and approval. "In the eyes of those we love most we love to be most approved." If denied sympathy, communion and approval by her husband, the husband himself loses by their want of exercise, and dark periods of alienation and temptation beset the path of both. When so perilous and unhallowed a condition sets in, can anyone doubt the probable results or fall accurately to forecast the end? All true happiness, we know, is staked on implicit confidence, and when this is shaken, and when the object of one's love seems to be drawn by other and counter attractions, it is not easy for a wife to be complaisant and forbearing, or to refrain from showing her resentment. Smarting under the outrage, flaws perhaps in the female character then appear, which only injustice could bring to the surface, and these lead to increased dissension and to a widening of the breach, perhaps to the length of separation, or at least to a cessation of all amicable relations. A rupture, once permitted, though it may not lead to estrangement, is rarely wholly forgotten or forgiven; and, when it has happened, it will be well if husband and wife do not enter upon a period of dissimulation and mockery of all that makes love sacred, with an entail of sorrow and disappointment which each will carry to the tomb. The antidote for wearied love is an alchemist has discovered. Time may heal wounds, but it rarely re-unites severed hearts. Prudence therefore bids us beware how we rashly and wickedly estrange them. When the ideal paradise is lost, the paradise regained is often a sorry substitute. Let us then keep our Edenic bliss, and when the tempter comes let us eat of no forbidden fruit, and so be able to answer God's call to us with a smile.

CERMER MADA.

Here and There.

A few days ago I had a conversation with ex-Liquidator Campbell, who dropped in to say that he had been treated not only harshly, but unfairly. After I heard his statements, I really felt that the public had been unduly influenced by the artifices of the examination to which he was subjected, that he had been made appear more blameworthy than the facts warranted. He told me that the charge generally made, that he had made preferential creditors of the other banks, was incorrect as he gave no collateral to any one. Mr. Allen, or at least some one in charge prior to his interim liquidatorship, had given out the collateral to the banks and he could not possibly be blamed for it. In the next place he had never had any dealings with Cox and should not have been classified as one of his associates. The claim that he had been mixed up with Baxter also did him injustice inasmuch as the loudly talked of drafts he purchased were bought two and a half years before the Central bank failed. He considered then that any bank that put acceptances on the market did so with the idea of selling, and as the institution was in good standing and its stock was quoted above par, he had bought them, as he had a perfect right to. He could not see, in all fairness, how he could be criticised for a transaction which was strictly commercial and so ancient as that. He had been accused of having received a telegram from D. Mitchell McDonald, asking him to act as liquidator. At that time he didn't know D. Mitchell McDonald, and hadn't the faintest idea that he owed any money to the bank.

* * *

Mr. Campbell specially complains of the injustice done him by the press and public generally in the accusation that he was to blame in not having those concerned in the wrecking of the bank arrested. During his interim liquidatorship he had no time to examine the accounts and find out anything about the business, and he felt that his position was to take charge of the assets of the bank until regular liquidators could be appointed. They were appointed on the 15th, but did not qualify till the 21st of December. The solicitor was appointed on December 28, and he handed him over all the correspondence and papers in his possession on January 4th, a long while before any of the men concerned had left the city. He had not examined Cox's correspondence, was not the solicitor of the bank, nor was he the person to take action in the matter. After the solicitor had Cox's correspondence, subsequent to the 4th of January, he did not see fit to arrest him, and the other liquidators instead of arresting Mr. Cox seemed to want to make a newspaper fight of it, and insisted on having a public examination at Osgoode Hall. During the ten or twelve days he held the correspondence the solicitor had plenty of time to arrest Mr. Cox or Mr. McDonald if he had seen fit, as the latter did not leave the city till January 23rd.

* * *

On the 12th of January Mr. Campbell states that he proposed to the other liquidators that they should go to the Attorney-General and lay the evidence before him with the idea that if any criminal action was to be taken it should be taken by the Crown. This advice was ignored by the other liquidators and he cannot see why any blame should be attached to himself for the failure to have Allen, McDonald or Cox prosecuted, as none of them left the city till long after his proposal to lay the matter before the Attorney-General. Mr. Campbell further states that he was not at Cox's examination and did not know the effect of what was said and consequently if Cox were liable to arrest the liquidators and solicitor who were present must take the onus of permitting him to escape. Moreover Mr. Campbell says that when he returned from Montreal after the holidays he had decided to resign his liquidatorship, but could not possibly do so while the charges against him by the other liquidators were pending.

* * *

Mr. Campbell's contention that his chief business was to realize on the assets of the bank is a proper one, as is the claim that it was as much the interest and duty of citizens, who were not shareholders, to prosecute the directors as it was that of those who had already lost large sums in connection with the bank. It seems strange that the affair was not laid before the Attorney-General, as Mr. Campbell suggested. As I said in my first article, it was evidently the business of the Government to pay the expense of the prosecution.

* * *

Talking about the Central bank, I heard a good and reliable story the other day concerning one of the fugitives. A railway customs inspector at Suspension Bridge, noticing the nervous excitement of a gentleman who had just reached the other side of the line, was ed to call him by the name of one of the fugitives. The experiment was a success and Mr. Fugitive dropped his keys and almost fainted when he heard the familiar sound. When he found it was all right, he had his four big trunks examined, and told the inspector he was expecting his wife later on, and asked him to occasion as little delay as possible in passing her baggage. On the day she was expected the inspector got a telegram from Mr. Fugitive saying she was on a certain train. The lady was very nervous and was enquiring where she might find the customs officer. The inspector at once decided he was the person she was looking for and addressed her by name, when in her fright she almost jumped out of the car window. She gave him the keys and assured him that the contents of the trunks were her personal property and that she had been permitted to remove them from Canada by the creditors. While he was chatting with her, with female volubility she described the whole affair, mentioning the pious name of one of the leading law firms of Toronto as having advised her husband to get out of Canada "just as quick as he could." On examining one of her trunks he found it full of solid silver-ware the pieces being separated from one another by articles of clothing. Her other two trunks were full of very valuable personal property. She instructed the inspector that another friend was following with two more trunks, which he duly inspected. Altogether nine trunks accompanied this family in their hegira, and the inspector says there was enough stuff in them to start several families in pretty high-toned house-keeping.

* * *

George Eyvel, ot the *Hansard* staff, who was buried last Tuesday, was one of the best known and best loved reporters in Canada. I had known him for fifteen years—while he was on the St. Thomas *Journal*, Sarnia *Observer*, *Globe*, and *Hansard*—and of him it can truthfully be affirmed, what can be said of few newspaper men in Canada, that never in all these years has anyone ever heard him say an unkind or uncharitable word about a brother in the craft. Indeed, no one ever heard aught that George Eyvel ever said or did to wound the feelings, injure the prospects or damage the reputation of anyone. With rare charity, unfailing gentleness and generosity, he was as lovable a character as I ever knew. Seldom in men, and none too often in women, can be found the virtues and amiable characteristics which endeared George Eyvel to everyone who knew him. His retentive memory, wide reading and experience made his mind a storehouse of the most diversified information. Though the many years he had followed stenography seemed to have led him into the habit of never going beyond the recording of other people's sayings, I often wondered how a man so witty and epigrammatic in conversation so seldom sought to find publication for any of his own ideas. This may be explained by his reserve, which always kept him within himself, except when with his friends. He had a wonderfully fine and sensitive nature. In face and features he very much resembled Mark Twain; in his heart and impulses, in his unswerving honesty and noble principle he was as good as the best man I ever knew. His associates all honored him. He was president of the Canadian Shorthand Writers' association, and the coffin from which his cold face looked up to mine last Tuesday was buried amidst flowers sent by those who loved him.

Trinity Talk.

In the next number of the *Trinity University Review*, I understand Professor Clarke's exposition of the Water Babies will appear. It may not be generally known that when this exposition was submitted to Kingsley for his approval he requested that not a single word should be changed, so well did it express the meaning of his famous work.

*

The annual examinations for Mus. Bac. degree commence on April 4th; Hamilton Memorial Prize Examination on March 14th; and Supplemental Arts and Divinity on March 17th.

*

Inter-collegiate contests of various natures have long been fashionable, but lately I heard a whisper, wafted to me on the breeze, of a decidedly new departure in that line, and I am told that in this contest University college is at present at the top of the tree. These whispers reminded me most forcibly of Pantomime Joey and the Red-Hot Poker, which he found, if not handled discreetly, was apt to burn a hole in his pocket, to say nothing of the rumpus old 'un kicks up when he detects poor Joey.

*

At this week's regular meeting of the Literary Institute, Mr. J. G. Waller in the chair, the following resolution was debated: "That the bank currency at present in circulation should be withdrawn and Government currency substituted." Messrs. S. F. Houston, and J. G. Smith upheld the affirmative, being opposed by Messrs. Carswell, B. A., and Tremayne, B.A. After a fairly interesting debate, the question was decided in favor of the affirmative by a large majority.

*

Mr. Martin's motion, of which I told you last week, then came up and provoked a little discussion. On being put to a vote, its supporters secured their necessary two thirds' vote by a unit; consequently, until changed again, which, from precedent, seems highly probable, every member may vote at the annual elections who has paid his fees.

*

I was sorry to hear that Mrs. John Strachan has been indisposed lately. OMEGA.

Chat From The 'Varsity.

Mr. D. R. Keys, B. A., lecturer in English, has again excited the resentment of some of the students by demanding the preparation of more English plays than the curriculum prescribes. Apparently Mr. Keys' opinion about Shakespeare is like the squaw's about whisky—"a little too much is just enough."

*

Mr. Wilson McCann's rendering of Emmett's Defence, at the inter-collegiate debate, was impassioned and eloquent.

*

Mr. H. C. Boultbee's essay on Novels was a trifle long, a fact of which he was once or twice reminded from the gallery; but the interesting character of the subject and its sententious method of treatment made up for the first fault.

*

The insertion by the Glee Club of Wilson McCann for the words Mary McCann, in the song Oh, Who will Smoke my Meerschaum Pipe, was appreciated by the audience, and by none more than by Mr. McCann himself.

*

The disappointment manifested at Prof. Goldwin Smith's refusal to decide the debate one way or the other seemed quite uncalled for. The objects of such a discussion are all met without both sides working merely for the sake of victory. No doubt the gentlemen from Queen's would have been better satisfied could they have gone home with a definite decision, one way or the other, but as the chairman explained, this seemed scarcely possible.

*

Mr. Hugh Fraser's solo, Kingdom Coming, was well received. The air is lively, and with a full chorus makes a good college song.

*

The members of the graduating class have all been down to Bryce's and presented themselves in gown and swan's-down.

*

The deficit from the conversazione is about $30. It will be made up from the society's funds.

*

Mr. J. A. Macdonald of Knox College preached at the Central church last Sunday evening. Mr. Macdonald has been editor of the *Knox Monthly* during the current session.

*

Chateaubriand was the subject of Monday's meeting of the Modern Language club. Mr. H. J. Cody read a letter from Mr. MacMechan, giving an account of the memorial service at Baltimore to Sydney Lanier. Messrs. E. S. Hogarth, A. A. Macdonald, and John Squair, B.A., lecturer in French, contributed to the programme, which was conducted in French throughout. TOGA.

Last Monday night was a resurrection day, or resurrection night rather, at the Grand Opera House. John A. Mackay and his company in Pop brought forth from the dusty past the ghastly gags of the last decade, and in a meaningless and clumsy way imitated Nat. Saulsbury and everybody else who has made a success of a one-man show. John A. Mackay himself is a rather clever comedian, but a performance in which he is three-quarters of the fun is too feeble for audiences that see a good play once in a while. What his company mostly lack is a barrel of anti-fat, a good play, and somebody to act it. Nothing like the ballet has ever before been seen outside a butcher shop. A smoked ham done up in canvas looks modest, but a fat woman in tights doesn't. The most tearful sight in the whole galaxy of would-be funny people was a person announced on the bills as Alonzo Lang, who appeared as Knous, a German. Of all the dreary drivel of Dutch distorted rubbish this man's performance was the very worst I ever saw. His yodling song was the only thing that approached third-rate mediocrity. When John A. Mackay comes here again he had better take Albert hall. Fortunately I warned my readers last week that if they knew their business they would stay away. Whether this was the cause of it or not the fact remains that not before in this season has the Grand Opera house presented the scene of "gashly emptiness" that it did on Monday night. Perhaps the real reason is that the town is tired of those variety shows which try to come under the name of comedy companies. Nobody with the least taste for art cares to see Pygmalion and Galatea performed by fat women in tights and abbreviated night dresses, nor do they love the songs of long ago squeaked by people who cannot sing.

*

A Great Wrong at the Toronto Opera House has attracted good audiences all week. J. B. Studley, who plays the leading part, is not a great actor, but in many strong scenes he shows himself to be a vigorous and conscientious student. His support is only fairly good, but it is sufficient to produce an interesting and sometimes thrilling performance. The play is by no means bad—of the lurid melo-dramatic type—has many elements of possibility, and a number of the scenes if presented by a better support would be exceedingly effective. Some of the scenery is ragged and poor, and has a very disillusionizing effect. The picture seen on the bill boards of a ragged refugee standing on a rock gazing seaward is much more natural than Studley himself on a dilapidated box covered with ragged canvas, a piece of slovenly stage-setting for which there is no excuse. No great originally can be claimed by the author, as A Great Wrong is similar in many respects to The Black Flag which made such a hit. Moses Shadrach the Jew is only one of many trespasses on previous plays of the same sort. An innocent man transported for life suffers great hardship and persecution, escapes to a decolate rock, is arrested, heroine under influence of bad man, retribution, everything lovely, etc., same old style. While this is true the fact remains that the audiences at the Toronto Opera House have been thoroughly pleased, and the play, being entirely free from anything at all objectionable, it was a favorite with the ladies, who so extensively patronize Manager Shaw's afternoon entertainments.

*

Keene, the ranting tragedian, begins the week at the Grand, which will be closed by that very funny performance, A Rag Baby.

*

Passion's Slave will occupy the whole of next week at the Toronto.

STAGE GOSSIP.

Throb of My Heart is the English of Cushla Ma Chree, the newest Irish play by Dion Boucicault.

At the theatrical costumer's. Enter coryphee: "I want three pairs of tights, sir—one pair for me, one pair for mother, and one pair for grandmother. We belong to the same ballet."

How did you like young Mr. Silvernail as Hamlet? was asked of a Chicago girl.

"Well, positively, without any guff, I think his acting was perfectly decayed. Why, Dixey could knock him silly with both hands arranged in a bowknot."

It is related of Stephen Kemble that when he wanted to rebuke the noisy occupant of a box at a Dublin theater who annoyed him by applauding everything, he did it by making Shylock assure Gratiano "Till thou canst rail the seal from off this bond, thou *and that noisy fellow in the box yonder* but offend your lungs to speak so loud."

Richard Mansfield has just signed a contract with Henry Irving for a lease of the Lyceum theater in London for several weeks next fall, when he will introduce to the English public his grotesque and blood-curdling impersonations of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. He will take out an entirely American company, and will give the plays of his repertoire a special production.

"Its a great wonder that Hermann doesn't knock one of those borrowed hats into immortal smash some time," said a person a few nights ago at the Fifth Avenue theater. "He does," said his neighbor. "Why, when I was in Rotterdam, Holland, some ten years ago, the hat that sails aloft toward the dome of the house, fell, and igniting on a jet of the chandelier, was completely destroyed. 'It's an accident,' ventured Hermann to the discomfited Hollander. 'Is it,' retorted the Dutchman, epigramatically, 'magicians should have no accidents!' And," added our neighbor, "Hermann with a grimace, and a shrug of the shoulders, ordered his attendant to pay the hatless Hollander for his cremated tile, and he did."

One day, Beckmann, the comic actor, who died in 1860, was induced to take off a well-known newspaper editor, Frankel by name, in one of the characters he was representing in Berlin. He performed his task so cleverly, that at the close the audience broke out into calls for Frankel. The journalist brought an action, and Beckmann was condemned to go to the house of the insulted party and there beg his pardon in the presence of witnesses. At the hour appointed, Frankel sat in the circle of his family, together with a number of relatives and friends whom he had convened for the occasion, waiting the arrival of the delinquent. He tarried long, and half an hour had passed in weary suspense, when, at last, the door opened, and Beckmann put his head in and asked: "Does Mr. Meir live here?" "Oh, no," answered Frankel, "he lives next door." "Ah, then I beg your pardon," said the actor, and hastily withdrew, having thus acquitted himself of the imposed penance to the great annoyance of Frankel, and the intense amusement of the assembled witnesses.

One night during the production of the old play of Pizarro a number of years ago an amusing incident occurred. The actor who was to do the sentinel was late in getting to the theater, but gave as an excuse when he did arrive, that he had been detained by an interesting domestic event. The well-known prison scene came, and the following conversation took place between Rollo and the soldier:

"Hast thou a wife?"

"I have."

"Hast thou children?"

"I had two this morning, but I've got three now!"

For that night at least the sentinel was the hero of the play.

A young dramatic amateur, though still a young man, was to play the father, and the daughter chanced to be a very handsome woman. So when he forgot his part he could think of nothing better than, while holding his "child," to say, "Kiss your father." And each time when he felt that his memory was about to fail, he would save himself by crying out, "Come to my arms, my child." The husband of the daughter was heard to say that he thought the author repeated himself very often.

A novel theater has been started in Paris. It is called Le Theater d'Application. The company is formed of the dramatic pupils of the Conservatoire, who, while pursuing their theoretical studies, will be trained in a practical knowledge of the boards. The initiative of this interesting venture is due to M. Bodinier, secretary of the Comedie Francaise, and the performances are under the direction of MM. Got, Worms, Maubant, and Delaunay, the well-known members of the house of Moliere, who are also professors at the Conservatoire. The theater has been installed in a salle in the Rue St. Lazare, which has been well fitted up, and decorated with portraits and busts of leading dramatists past and present. There will be three performances a week, and a subscription night once a fortnight. The subscribers are already numerous; many of the titled a bonnes of the Francais have put down their names, and among the foreign patrons is Lord Lytton, the new British Ambassador. A portion of the pit is reserved for the parents of the pupils who take part in the performances. The Theater d'Application will, it is expected, considerably advance the dramatic art in France. Alexandre Dumas approves of it highly.

About Women.

Miss Jennie Chamberlain, the famous Cleveland beauty, who created such a furore in Europe, has apartments at the Stillman House in Cleveland. She lives very quietly, seldom goes out, and has but few visitors.

*

The woman suffragists met recently in the Senate Chamber at Albany, to plead for the ballot. In the times of Miss Antoony and Lucy Stone the champions dressed plainly and eschewed jewelry, but the ladies now attire themselves in silks and satins and blaze in diamonds. Princesse trains, hair pompadour, puffed sleeves, stone-studded combs and a brilliant array of ribbons were the features of the oratorical display of last week. It was effective while it lasted, but the dear girls will have to do without the ballot for a little while longer.

*

It is said that the Princess of Wales is again suffering from an attack of deafness. During her recent sojourn in Denmark this annoying affliction increased for a while, but under medical treatment abated somewhat. Since her return to England, however, the deafness has intensified, together with a monotonous ringing in each ear. She is now compelled to use an ear trumpet, a necessity which she very unwillingly submits to. These periodical attacks give ground for considerable anxiety to the Prince of Wales and the family generally. They fear that the Princess may in the end lose her sense of hearing.

*

There have long been rumors about mysterious viscounts who run millinery establishments in Bond street, and now we have a duchess openly and avowedly starting a butter-shop. The Duchess of Hamilton is the enterprising tradeswoman in question, and Ispwich is the scene of her business operations. The shop is crowded with customers at 1s. 7d. per pound for the fresh article, but we have been unable to ascertain if this noble successor to Perkin Middlewick quotes a price for "inferior Dosset" or changes "shop 'uns" that fail to recommend themselves to Suffolk noses.

*

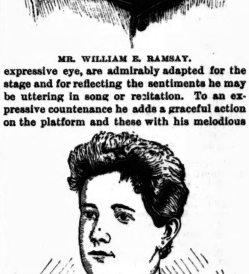
The royal ladies of Europe differ very considerably in their tastes and accomplishments. The Empress of Austria is devoted to hunting, and now that she cannot enjoy her favorite exercise, has taken to fencing as a substitute. The Queen of Belgium is one of the cleverest conjurors in Europe, and having studied sleight-of-hand under the well-known Professor Hermann, is quite in a position to earn her own living by the exercise of the art, if the fancy were ever to strike her. The Queen of Sweden, when in health, is never so happy as when she is wielding the palette and brushes. Our own Queen has a liking for jotting down gossiping diaries of her life in Scotland, and quite a mania for collecting pearls.

*

A correspondent says that the Parisian dudine in furs is a sight to behold. A specially devised gait and bearing appears to have come in vogue with winter garb; being a combination of short steps with a waggle similar to that of the little bird known as the *bergeronette* or water wagtail. This carriage should be of course as graceful as possible; the undulating sweep of the hips being well accentuated. The movement is a marked one in itself, and care should be taken not to give too much waggle. The best masters of calisthenics and deportment in convents and seminaries for sweet girl graduates now include the art of waggling in their curriculum. The debutante is considered not yet ripe who is not an expert waggler.

Singers of Sacred Song.

Mr. William E. Ramsay is well known in Toronto and throughout Ontario as a ballad singer and elocutionist. He has studied elocution in Notre Dame University, Indiana. His strong and mobile features, with his large and



MR. WILLIAM E. RAMSAY.

expressive eye, are admirably adapted for the stage and for reflecting the sentiments he may be uttering in song or recitation. To an expressive countenance he adds a graceful action on the platform and these with his melodious

MISS FLETCHER.

voice, place him in the front rank of Canadian popular singers. Mr. Ramsay sings at present in the choir of the Church of the Ascension.

Miss Fletcher is one of St. Michael's choristers. She is a brunette of pleasing appear-

MISS SOLOMON.

ance and has a medium soprano voice, which with training will acquire considerable power.

Miss Solomon sings in the choir of the Richmond street synagogue. She has a very sweet soprano voice.

Exemption from mistake is not the privilege of mortals; but when our mistakes are involuntary, we owe each other every candid consideration; and the man who on discovering his errors acknowledges and corrects them is scarcely less entitled to our esteem than if he had not erred

WIDOWER JONES.

A Faithful History of His "Loss" and Adventures in Search of a "Companion."

BY EDMUND E. SHEPPARD,

Author of "Farmin' Editor's Sketches," "Dolly," "A Bad Man's Sweetheart," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE COURSE OF THE WIDOWER'S LOVE STILL SEEMS SMOOTH.

Love-making without opposition is as flavorless as an egg without salt. The excessive ease which the Deacon felt had characterized his wooing had frightened him, but when he found Uncle Aze making invidious comparisons, and forbidding the banns, as it were, he felt reassured; and, as he turned into Mrs. Gilbert's yard, his elation at having dumbfounded Uncle Abe, mixed with a tremor of delight at soon being able to kiss Ruth, and a shiver of fear lest he might meet Rufus, had entirely banished his gruesome suspicions.

While he was clambering somewhat clumsily out of his buggy the kitchen door opened, and Rufe slouched down the steps with a sulky proposal to put the Deacon's horse in the barn and let its owner go in the house and "see the folks."

This unexpected courtesy startled the Deacon:

"Oh! I kin onhitch all right," he said. "Yeh needn't take no bother!"

"I hain't gunto play no tricks on yer rig, so don't be scared! Ruth told me teh treat yeh right."

Rufe's scowling face betrayed no emotion as he sulked out the rib about Ruth, and the Deacon took him at his word and let him lead the horse away, thinking, however, as he watched him, that here was another evidence of Ruth's eagerness to capture him. Turning to enter the house the look of suspicion was in his eyes, and Ruth noticed it as he entered the door.

"Rufe won't play any more jokes on your horse and buggy, so don't be alarmed," she said, laughingly.

"I'm 'bliged teh yeh fer tellin' him not teh, but I wa'n't thinkin' 'bout that," exclaimed the Deacon earnestly and looking intently into her face before again bidding farewell to his suspicions of her goodness.

"I did—" She was about to deny the soft impeachment, but remembering the part she was to play, she stopped and blushed.

He wondered for an instant if it were the blush of innocence or guilt, but overpowered by her loveliness he threw aside his suspicion without waiting for an answer, and rushed forward to catch her in his arms and kiss her.

She darted to one side with the half-whispered exclamation: "Mother's coming!"

"Why, Deacon, how *do* yeh do!" cried Mrs. Gilbert, "yer lookin' slicker'n a store clerk."

"Thank yeh! Thank yeh!" replied the Deacon in confusion. "The same teh yerself while compliments is goin'!"

"Had any rhu-may-tiz this fall, Deacon?"

"Na-aw!" he replied, sharply. "Hain't hed a tech of it fer years."

"Yeh used teh hev ter'ble colds an' infermashun on yer lungs, Marier's often told me, when it comes along fall an' winter," continued Mrs. Gilbert, who, considered it the first rule of hospitality to make the most minute enquiries into the health of a visitor.

"Not of late years, Mrs. Gilbert. I hain't hed sich health afore sence I kin remember. I used teh be complainin' like, but I guess I've outgrowed it. Sence my trip out west last summer I've bin ter'ble well. Changes a' climate likenuf; I feel this minnit twenty years younger'n I did last fall this time."

Mrs. Gilbert was just about to speak but the Deacon was not fond of reference to his former ailments and resumed:

—"An' I'm twenty pounds heavier an' my head's clearer'n it used teh be an' I've heerd a sight a' compliments 'bout my preachin'. People all say I never spoke sch well as I been doin' fer this while back."

"So I've heard. Mrs. Turner was tellin' me jest this afternoon, she wondered how a man a' your age could speak so long as yeh do an' not hev yer voice gin out seein's yer bin sch much troubled with yer lungs an' heart, an' havin' brown-kretus sch often."

The Deacon didn't relish this compliment and it struck him that Ruth's merry eyes viewed the dialogue as a very good joke.

"Mrs. Turner must a' bin waitin' for meetin' teh git out so she cud see her feller er she wouldn't thought I spoke long; I only took an hour n' twenty minutes an' felt as fresh's a daisy an' cud spoke another hour easy's winkin'. A widder waitin' teh git along 'ith th' man she's gunto marry haint much good at jedgin' th' length of a sermon!"

"Why, who's Mrs. Turner gunto marry, fer gracious sakes?"

"Old man Bunner," answered the Deacon, watching Ruth's face as he spoke, to see the effect of something suggestive of matrimony.

"She must be crazy! Mother, did you ever hear the like?" cried Ruth in amazement.

"Well, I never!" exclaimed the mother. "What kin she see in that old hog of a Bunner! An' her well enough off, too, an' four children teh look after. Sam Turner'd roll over'n his grave if he knowed his wife'd be sich a fool an' let old Bunner git hold th' property he slaved teh rake an' scrape together fer his children. Often I've heerd him say after he got poorly thet all he wanted was teh git th' farm paid for so's his wife 'n family cud git along an' then he'd be willin' teh die, as die he did, poor feller, of consumption, an' Sarah takin' on as iffer heart was broke, an' here she goes n' marries again inside a year, an' her here this very afternoon an' never told me a word"—

"What's the use going on, mother?" interrupted Ruth, fearful lest truths still more applicable to the Deacon might find utterance if her mother once got fairly started. "If Sarah Turner wants to get married again it isn't any of our business, and likely she has good reasons for doing what the Deacon says she's going to do."

"What's who gunto do?" demanded Rufe, lounging into the room and slinging his hat into a corner.

"Mrs. Turner's going to marry old man Bunner," answered Ruth, scarcely able to keep a straight face.

"The h——l yeh say!" roared Rufe, bursting into a loud laugh. "She must be hard up teh take th' like of him."

"Likely she's lonesome!" suggested Ruth, demurely.

"Lonesome!" snorted Rufe. "I'd rather be lonesome than live with such a slobberin' old beast as Jake Bunner."

"You're only mad because you didn't get her yourself!"

"Me! I could uv gotter if I wanted to an' that hain't braggin' much. She made eyes at me th' night uv the funeral but I hain't runnin' after wimin thet get so plagny anxious. Sam Turner often told me he b'leived his wife'd marry agin an' more'n onct he's wished she'd go first an' then he'd be bury his young uns'd never have a step-father. So they're gunto have one eh! An' a beauty at that."

The Deacon was glad to keep out of the discussion and sat longingly watching Ruth as she spread the table for supper and thinking in an absent way of Rufe's idea of a woman who was too anxious to marry. When Rufe finished he went down cellar and got a pitcher of cider in which he had inserted a liberal dash of whisky. "If we 'r gunto hev fun 'ith th' old fool we may jest as well hev lots uv it," thought he as he insisted on the old man taking a hearty drink.

"That's good cider, Rufus," said the widower, smacking his lips; "How d'ye keep it sch sweet?"

"Putting things in it," snapped Rufe, placing the pitcher high up on the pantry shelf without offering any to his mother or sister; "I'll give yeh the receipt some day."

His blood warmed by his libation, and his passions excited by Ruth's beauty, the Deacon's amorousness began to manifest itself, and he gave his adored a sly pinch as she passed him with some dishes. Fortunately for the widower Rufe did not notice it, or there would have been a fight there and then. Ruth's face reddened, and she was careful to keep away from him, but he gazed at her with a look which made her sick.

Supper over—the blessing having been omitted by the Deacon, mindful of his previous experience—Ruth produced the pitcher again, and, disregarding Ruth's warning glance, another big bowlful was swallowed by the Deacon, who felt his courage rise with every mouthful. It was proposed to adjourn to the parlor, and Rufe, much to the Deacon's discomfiture, led the way.

"I'll be in soon as supper's cleared off," said Ruth.

At that moment a loud rap at the front door startled them all, and Rufe hastily answered it.

A squeaky voice, speaking rapidly in German, was answered by Rufe's loud laugh as he ushered in the funniest specimen of humanity they'd ever seen. The stranger was a large man with long curly red hair on which was perched a cap with a long peak and a top as big as the bottom of a tub. Green glasses hid his eyes and the short blouse, coming scarcely to his hips, was fastened to him by a belt just below his arms, giving him an uncouth and comical appearance. His pants bagged before and behind and stopped short half way between his knees and his shoe-tops.

With an elaborate bow this strange object at once marched over to the piano and after depositing his hat and bowing again to the company began to play. Rufe roared again and again as he looked at the visitor and at last turned to his sister and explained:

"That's the Dutchman I told yeh 'bout. I met him up teh th' tavern! He's workin' on the railway an' can play the piano er anything else. Another feller who kin talk Dutch explained teh me an' so I sat him teh come up an' play fer yeh. He can't speak er understand a word of English, but he kin play can't he now?"

Ben, for it was no one else, was running his fingers up and down the keys in grand style thoroughly comprehending that his father had no idea of instrumental music and would not detect his lack of skill. He could play simple accompaniments and finally started a yodeling song which had delighted thousands of his audiences.

"Well, he kin an' no mistake," exclaimed the Deacon, admiringly.

"Keep him at it, I'm goin' out teh th' barn teh do some chores an'll be back d'rectly." With a look at his sister, Rufe slouched out of the parlor and shut the door behind him, and at last Adoniram Jones had a chance to talk to Ruth and tell her of his love. Slipping around to the front door Rufe opened it and sat down on the stair step beside the door opening into the parlor and waited developments. Ben drummed away on the piano singing very softly so he could hear what was going on.

(To be Continued.)

The Veteran Toboggan Pilot.

Oh! the motion!
Oh, the mad exhilaration,
That the wild decending gives!
But the veteran thinks of plasters,
And wonders how he lives.
And the notion—

The odd notion—grows upon him,
That some day he'll come apart,
While each happy girl is hoping,
In her gushing little heart,
That "that sweet thing"—

That "that slide"—(the "lovely, gorgeous!")
Will last the winter through,
And the veteran? Well, they fondly hope
The veteran may last too,
At least 'till spring.

Yes; that he with strips of plaster
On his eyebrows, cheeks, and ears,
May somehow hold together,
'Till the closing of this year's
Tobogganing. *Tid Bits.*

Where They Would be Buried?

She—My love, don't you think you ought to secure a lot in the new cemetery before all the best ones are taken up?

He—Why, my darling, I have a very fine lot over in the Woodborough cemetery, you know.

She—But, love, that is ten miles from here; and Woodborough is only a little village. Since we have moved to Spruceville and intend to make this our permanent home, we shall naturally be expected to have our burial lot here, won't we, dear?

He—Who will expect us?

She—Now, love, don't be vexing. Everybody, of course—that is, everybody that is anybody.

He—But you know, my dear, the lot at Woodborough has cost me something. I have had it fenced in and decorated and it has been used some. I could not sell it. I could hardly afford two burial lots.

She—Why, love, we must afford to have a place to be buried in, mustn't we!

He—There is plenty of room there, my darling. But let us not continue the subject. I hope it will be a long time before we shall have to think of being buried away from each other, little wife.

She—That is the very reason, my love, that we must have a lot here—so as not to be buried away from each other. I cannot bear to think of being buried anywhere but by your side.

He—That is not what I mean, my pet. But no matter. We shall never be separated—not even in death.

She—Well, then, we must not put off looking out for a good lot. Let us ride out to the cemetery to-morrow, love.

He—Dear, dear—let us understand each other. My folks are buried there at Woodborough.

She—Exactly, Leon, dear. But my folks lie here at Spruceville.

He—Why—this is painful—my departed wife sleeps there.

She—Leonidus!

He—Caroline!

She (firmly)—Your first wife may sleep where you please. Your second, sir, will sleep to please herself. She, sir, will have a grave in the cemetery here at Spruceville.

He (pacing the floor impatiently)—Very well, madam; bury your grave yourself, then. I have one at Woodborough, good enough for me. If you want to lie by me you can come there.

She (with rising color)—And if you with your precious No. 1 want me to lie by you, you can come and bring her here.

He—Yes. Well, we shan't come.

She—No, and I don't want you to, either. A man who thinks so little of his wife that he would lug her bones off ten miles to the country away from her own people, and where there is no society to speak of, doesn't deserve to be admitted into a grave beside her.

He—Ugh! I wouldn't go into it admittance free, and a deed of the whole graveyard thrown in.

She—Oh! you brutal—oo!—oo!—you—oo!—

He—But who began this?

She—You—oo!—did—you—oo!—hoo!—began to twit me—oo!—about being boo! hoo!—buried before I—oo!—ever thought of dying—oo!—

He—For heaven's sake, don't! don't! don't! You will alarm the neighbors.

She—O-oo! boo! hoo! I am dying—oo!—bury me anywhere—oo!—

He—Very well, wife, that settles it. You go to Woodborough—

She—No—distinctly—I—don't, Mr. Leonidus Spink! I go to bed. And if you don't go out with me to-morrow and buy that lot, you will hear noises in this house that will make you wish you were buried in the ocean.

He—But, Caroline, consider—

She—Not another word, sir! We are to be buried here. Come, get to bed.

THE CID.

A Melody.

D' jaybird cries fer he's lady in d' swamp,
En d' ricebird he whussels fer d' rain;
En ole ben's rabbit we'n d' gun gits cleaned
He lays mighty clus', fo' he's long time we'aned
En he'd rudder w'ar he's furs den go plain—
Plink! Plain!
He'd rudder w'ar he's furs den go plain.

Hit's a long time gone sence d' cotton got d' boll,
En d' coon en d' possum tree's moo' ripe
Fer t' shek down d' fruit by d' light ob d' moon,
En 'r tells yo', ole Bose, whad we'll git dar soon.
Fo' d' larks in d' medder 'gins t' pipe—
Plunk! 'Pipe!
Fo' d' larks in d' medder 'gins to pipe.

A Kentucky Father.

On a Kentucky stock farm. Father (to his boys)—You trifling rascals, don't you know better than to play on Sunday? Don't you know that this is the Lord's day? And didn't I tell you that I'd whip you if I ever caught you playing on the Sabbath?

The leader of the boys—We wa'n't playin', pap.

What were you doing?

W'y, we wuz breakin' uv a mule colt, an' he flung black Bob, an' kicked yaller Joe, an' run agin the fence with Abe, an' tramped on' Bill, an' bit Harry, but I r'ld him.

You did! Good for you. Rid him, eh? Wall, come in, all hands now, and lissen to old Brother Brentwood pray, and then you may go out and ride him agin. But I hearn you holerin' like you was after a rabbit.

We tied a tin bucket to old Hilliard's dog's tail, an' our dog jumped on him and chawed him.

Good? Chawed him, eh? Haw, haw! Come on in now, boys, an' hear Brother Brentwood, an' then ketch the colt. Bet a dollar I can ride him myself.—*Arkansas Traveler.*

Very Complimentary.

"Mr. Johnsing, is you de gemmen what keeps de boarding-house down 'n Thompson street?"

"I is dat same person, Mr. Smith; why do you ask?"

"Well, I hyard a man what lived dere give you a grate compliment las' night."

"Deed? Glad hear dat. What he say?"

"Said you was cut out for a grate Admiral—beat Nelson an' Farrygut all ter pieces."

"No!"

"Ya-as. Said you could repel boarders quicker'n any man he ever see."

None Of His Funeral.

"That ton of coal looks to me about two hundred pounds short," said a family man, "and by thunder I'll have it weighed. The way some of these coal dealers cheat is wicked."

After he had had it weighed, he said to his wife:

"It's all right; weighs about a hundred pounds over."

"How much will you have to pay for the extra weight, John?"

"Nothing. That's their mistake, not mine."

A Close Thrust.

A certain charitable mission enterprise, connected with an important church, is presided over by the young assistant minister of the church, who is much admired for his personal graces, as well as for his piety in the good work. He has been assisted in the work of constructing, elevating and amusing the boys who resort to the mission by some good ladies of the parish, and particularly by a young woman whose benevolent interest in the mission work has been supposed to include the clergyman at its head. She had been indefatigable in her endeavors to teach and entertain the boys, and often addresses them in little speeches.

The other Sunday this young lady was speaking to the boys in the presence of the clergyman. She had exhorted them to be good and studious, to avoid bad company, profanity and other demoralizing things, and closed her little exhortation with these words:

"I want you to be good boys and do all these things that I have asked you to, because I love you all."

"I know who you love most!" a small boy in the front row called out.

"Well, who is it, Johnny?" asked the lady. No doubt she expected some accusation of partiality among the boys, which she would have been glad of an opportunity to deny.

The boy pointed his small, grimy finger at the young clergyman.

"Him!" he shouted.

The young lady's interest in charitable work is said to have declined visibly for some little time.—*Boston Transcript.*

A Roman Burial-Place.

At Cologne, on the Rhine, a Roman burial-ground near Aachen street has just been dug up. It lies about five feet beneath the surface, and contains some thirty skeletons, most of which hold a piece of money between the teeth with which to pay Charon, the boatman, who ferried the souls over the Styx. Besides there were a number of urns with some remains of men, goblets, lamps, flasks, a pot with ointment, needles, some sculptured lions' claws and coins of the times of Cæsar and Augustus. The search still continues.

She Knew the Grip.

They stood a moment at the gate;
A maiden fair was she,
A Junior he, and there, though late,
They talked fraternally.

"And so you think that no one knows,
So strong the ties are bound,
And that the members ne'er disclose
The secrets deep, profound.

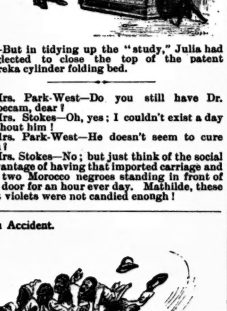
"Learn your mistake," she laughing cried,
"I know the grip of each."
"I think," the Junior slow replied,
"There's one that I could teach.

"The Sigma Phi it is," he said,
And clasp them, at last,
That he should teach it her, he caught
And held her fair form fast.

She pouted, blushed and smiling said,
When she to earth did slip,
"I think 'twas very mean of you,
But then—I know the grip."

Why Julia Lost Her Place.

Julia—Misther Doolittle will be down immadiately, sor, an' he says ye're to stop into the study, sor!



—But in tidying up the "study," Julia had neglected to close the top of the patent Eureka cylinder folding bed.

Mrs. Park-West—Do you still have Dr. Arbecam, dear?

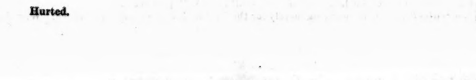
Mrs. Stokes—Oh, yes; I couldn't exist a day without him!

Mrs. Park-West—He doesn't seem to cure you?

Mrs. Stokes—No; but just think of the social advantage of having that imported carriage and the two Moroccan negroes standing in front of the door for an hour every day. Mathilde, these last violets were not candied enough!

Another Bob-Sleigh Accident.

Chorus—Down brakes, Julius! Dar's a injine in front, an' sumfin will be—



Hurted.

A Gentle Hint.

Young wife—How awful! The paper says a young man who had only been married three months went to his room and committed suicide.

Young husband (with affected interest)—Eh? How?

He hung himself with his suspenders.

Well, I suppose his buttons were all off and he hadn't any other use for suspenders.

Another Reason Why.

Johnnie—When are you going fishing again?
Jimmie—I've quit fishing.
Johnnie—Why?
Jimmie—I didn't like the kind I caught last Sunday.
Johnnie—What kind did you catch?
Jimmie—Birch.

No Time Like the Present.

"Mamma," said a Boston young lady, "is it proper that Clarence should kiss me before we are married?"

"Certainly; you are engaged to him, and besides, if you care to have him kiss you, Penelope, you had better let him do it now."

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VAGABONDIA:

A Love Story.

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

Author of 'A Fair Barbarian," "The Tide of the Moaning Bar," "Kathleen," "Little Lord Fauntleroy," etc.

CHAPTER II.—(CONTINUED.)

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Phemie, "I don't wonder in the least. That is Miss Berenice MacDowlas, Dolly."

"Miss Berenice MacDowlas!" echoed Dolly, with a start. "You don't say so?"

"Yes," answered Euphemia. "Do you know her? You spoke as if you did."

"Well—yes—no," answered Dolly, with a queer little half laugh. "I should say I know somebody who does."

And she looked as if she was rather enjoying some small joke of her own. The fact was that Miss MacDowlas was no other than Griffith's amiable aunt. But, of course, it would not have done to tell this to Euphemia Bilberry. Euphemia's ideas on the subject of the tender passion were as yet rather crude and unformed, and Dolly Crewe was not prone to confidential confidences, so, as yet, Euphemia and, indeed, the whole Bilberry family, remained in blissful ignorance of the very existence of such a person as Mr. Griffith Donne.

If personal appearance was to be relied upon, Miss MacDowlas was not a promising subject for diplomatic beguiling.

"We have no need to depend upon her," was Dolly's mental decision. "One glimpse of life in Vagabondia would end poor Griffith's chances with her. I wonder what she would think if she could see Tod in all his glory when Toinette and Phil are busy painting."

And her vivid recollection of the personal adornments of the immortal Tod at such times brought a smile to her lips.

She made herself very comfortable in her corner, and exerting herself to her utmost to allay Euphemia's sufferings, succeeded so far that the girl forgot everything else but her enjoyment of her friend's caustic speeches and satirical little jokes. Dolly was not afraid of results, and, standing in no awe of public opinion, gave herself up to the encouraging of any shadow of amusement quite heartily. She was so entertaining in a small way upon this occasion, that Euphemia's frame of mind became in some degree ecstatic. From her place of state across the room, Lady Augusta regarded them with disapproval. It was so very evident that they were enjoying themselves, and that this shocking Dorothea Crewe was not to be suppressed. (Dorothea, be it known, was Dolly's baptismal name, and Lady Augusta held to its full pronunciation as a matter of duty.) It was useless, however, to disapprove. Behind the theological phalanx Dolly sat enthroned plainly in the best of spirits, and in rather a dangerous mood, to judge from outward appearances. There was nothing of the poor relation about her, at least. The little dowdy, snowy fan was being manipulated gracefully, and with occasional artistic little flourishes, her enjoyable little roulades of laughter tinkled audaciously, her white shoulders were expressive, her gestures charming, and, above all, people were beginning to look at her admiringly, if not with absolute envy. Something must be done.

Lady Augusta moved across the room, piloting her way between people on ottomans and people on chairs, rustling with awe-inspiring majesty; and reaching the corner at last, she spoke to the daring Dolly over the heads of the phalanx.

"Dorothea," she said, "we should like a little music."

This she had expected would be a move which could not fail to set the young person in her right place. It would show her that her time was not her own, and that she was expected to make herself useful; and it would also set to rights any little mistake Lady Augusta might have previously labored under as to her position. But even this did not destroy Dolly's equanimity. She finished the small joke she had been making to Phemie, and then turned to her august relative with a sweet but trying smile.

"Music?" she said. "Certainly." And arose at once with a trying smile still upon her lips.

Then Lady Augusta saw her mistake. It was only another chance for Miss Dolly to display herself to advantage, after all. When she arose from her seat in the corner, and gave a glance of inspection to her train over her bare white shoulder, people began to look at her again; and when she crossed the room, serene, fair, piquant, and unconscious, she was an actual Sensation—and to create a sensation in the Bilberry parlors was to attain a triumph. Worse than this, also, as her ladyship passed the bald-headed individual by the screen, that gentleman—who was a lion as regarded worldly possessions—condescended to make his first remark for the evening.

"Pretty girl that," he said. "Nice girl—fine figure. Relative?"

"My daughter's governess, sir," replied her ladyship, rigidly.

And in Dolly's passage across the room another incident occurred which was not lost upon the head of the house of Bilberry. Near the seat of Mr. Ralph Gowan stood a vacated chair, which obstructed the passage to the piano, and, observing it, the gentleman in question rose and removed it, bowing obsequiously in reply to Dolly's slight gesture of thanks, and when she took her place at the instrument he moved to a seat near by, and settled himself to listen with the air of a man who expected to enjoy the performance.

And he evidently did enjoy it, for a very pleasant little performance it was. The songs had a thrill of either pathos or piquancy in every word and note, and the audience found they were listening in spite of themselves.

When they were ended, Ralph Gowan sought out Lady Augusta in her stronghold, and placidly proposed being introduced to her young guest; and since it was evident that he intended to leave her no alternative, her ladyship was fain to comply; and so before half the evening was over, Dolly found herself being entertained as she had never been entertained before in the camps of the Philistines at least. And as to the Eastern explorer, boredom was forgotten for the time, and he gave himself up entirely to the amusing and enjoying of this piquant young person with the white shoulders.

"Crewe," he said to her during the course of their first conversation, "I am sorry Lady Augusta said 'Crewe.' Then you are relatives, I suppose?"

"Poor relations," answered Dolly, coolly, and without a shadow of discomfiture. "I am the children's governess. Trying, isn't it?"

Ralph Gowan met the gaze of the bright eyes a trifle admiringly. Even at this early period of their acquaintance he was falling into the snare every other man fell into—the snare of finding that Dolly Crewe was startlingly unlike anybody else.

"Not for the children," he said. "Under such circumstances education must necessarily acquire a new charm."

"Thank you," said Dolly.

When supper was announced, Lady Augusta made another attack and was foiled again. She came to their corner, and bending over Dolly, spoke to her in stage-whisper.

"I will bring young Mr. Jessup to take you into the supper-room, Dorothea," she said.

But Dolly's plans were already arranged, and even if such had not been the case she would scarcely have rejoiced at the prospect of the escort of young Mr. Jessup, who was a mild young idiot engaged in the study of theology.

"Thank you, Lady Augusta," she said, cheerfully, "but I have promised Mr. Gowan."

And Lady Augusta had the pleasure of seeing her leave the room a minute later, with her small glove slipped through Ralph Gowan's arm, and the plainly delighted face of that gentleman inclined attentively toward the elaborate French coiffure.

At the supper table little Miss Crewe was a prominent feature. At her end of the table conversation flourished and cheerfulness reigned. Even Euphemia and young Mr. Jessup, who had come down together in a mutual agony of embarrassment, began to pluck up spirit and hazard occasional remarks and finally even joined in the laughter at Dolly's witticism.

People lower down the table glanced up across the various dishes and at the group who seemed to set the general heaviness and discontent at defiance.

Dolly, accompanied by coffee and cakes, was more a lovely and more delightful than ever, so delightful, indeed, that Ralph Gowan began to regard even Lady Augusta with gratitude, since it was to her he was, to some extent, indebted for his new acquaintance.

"She is a delightful—yes, a delightful girl!" exclaimed young Mr. Jessup, incidentally addressing Euphemia and blushing vividly at his own boldness. "I never heard such a laugh as she has in my life. It is actually exhilarating. It quite raises one's spirits," with mild *naivete*.

Euphemia began to brighten at once. She could talk about Dolly Crewe if she could talk about nothing else.

"Oh, but you haven't seen anything of her yet," she said, in a burst of enthusiasm. "If you could only see her every day, as I do, and hear the witty things she says, and see how self-possessed she is, when other people would be perfectly miserable with confusion, there would be no wonder at your saying you never saw anybody like her. I wish you could, indeed, I wish you know, somehow or other, she always looks so well in everything she wears—even in the shabbiest things, and her things are nearly always shabby enough, for they are dreadfully poor. She is always finding new ways of wearing things or new ways of doing her hair or—or something. It is the way she makes it, I think. Oh, dear, how I do wish the dressmaker could make mine fit as hers do. Just look at that white merino, now, for instance. It is the plainest dress in the room, and there is not a bit of fuss or trimming about it, and yet see how soft the folds look and how it hangs—the train, you know. It reminds me of a picture—one of those pictures in fashionable monthlies—illustrations of love stories, you know."

"It is a very pretty dress," said young Mr. Jessup, eyeing it with great interest. "What did you say the stuff was called?"

"Merino," answered Phemie.

"Merino," repeated Mr. Jessup. "I will try and remember. I should like my sister Lucinda Maria to have a dress like it."

And he regarded it with growing admiration just tempered by the effect of a mental picture of Lucinda Maria, who was gaunt and of remarkable proportions, attired in its soft and flowing counterpart, and white swan's-down adorning her bare shoulders.

"May I ask," said Miss MacDowlas, at the bottom of the table, to Lady Augusta. "May I ask who that young lady with the fresh complexion is—the young lady in white at the other end?"

"That is my governess," replied her ladyship, freezingly. "Miss Dorothea Crewe."

And Miss MacDowlas settled her eyeglass and gave Miss Dorothea Crewe the benefit of a prolonged examination.

"Crewe," she said, at length. "Poor relation, I suppose?" with some sharpness of manner. Dignity was lost upon Miss MacDowlas.

"A branch of my family who are no great credit to it," was the majestic rejoinder.

"Oh, indeed," was the lady's sole remark, and then Miss MacDowlas returned to her coffee, still, however, keeping her double eyeglass across her nose and casting an occasional glance at Dolly.

And just at this particular moment Dolly was unconsciously sealing Ralph Gowan's fate for him. Quite unconsciously, I repeat, for the most serious of Dolly's indulgences were generally unconscious. When she flirted, her flirtations were of so frank and open a nature, that bewildered and fascinated though her victims might be, they must have been blind indeed to have been deceived, and so there were those who survived them and left the field safe, though somewhat sore at heart. But when she was in her honest, earnest, life-enjoying moods and meant no harm—when she was simply enjoying herself and trying to amuse her masculine companion, when her gestures were unconscious and her speeches unstudied, when she laughed through sheer merriment and was charmingly theatrical because she could not help it, and because little bits of pathos and comedy were natural to her and amused her, it was that the danger became deadly; then it was that her admirers were regardless of consequences, and defied results. And she was in just such a mood to-night.

"Come and see us?" she was saying. "Of course you may; and if you come you shall have an insight into the domestic workings of modern Vagabondia. You shall be introduced to half-a-dozen people who toil not, neither do they spin successfully, for their toiling and spinning seems to have little result, after all. You shall see shabbiness and the spice of life hand-in-hand; and, I dare say, you will find that the figurative dinner of herbs is not utterly destitute of a flavor of piquancy. You shall see people who enjoy themselves in sheer defiance of circumstances, and who find a pathos in every-day events, which in the camps of the Philistines, mean nothing. Yes, you may come if you care to." And Ralph Gowan, looking down at the changeful eyes, saw a quicker little, almost tender light shining in their depths—summoned up all at once perhaps by one of those inexplicable touches of pathos of which she had spoken.

But even coffee and conversation must come to an end at last, and so the end of this evening came. People began to drop away one by one, bidding their hostess good-night with an air of individuals who had performed a duty, and were relieved to find it performed and disposed of for the time being. So Dolly, leaving her companion with a bright farewell, and amiably disposing of Lady Augusta, slipped up-stairs to the retiring room for her wraps. In the course of three minutes she came down again, the white shawl draped around her, and the unreasonable but highly-ornamental hood donned. She was of so little consequence in the Bilberry household that no one met her when she reappeared. Even the servants knew that her convenience or inconvenience were of small moment, so the task of summoning her cab would have devolved upon herself, had it not been for a little incident which might have been either an accident or otherwise. As she reached the last staircase a gentleman crossed the threshold of the parlor and came to meet her—and this gentleman was no other than Ralph Gowan.

"Let me have the pleasure of putting you into your—"

"Cab," ended Dolly, with a trill of a laugh—it was not the first she had been going to say "carriage." "Thank you, with the greatest of pleasure. Indeed, it is rather a relief to me; for they generally keep me waiting. And I detest waiting."

He handed her into her seat, and lingered to see that she was comfortable, perhaps with unnecessary caution; and then, when she gave him her hand through the window, he held it for a moment longer than was exactly called for by the exigencies of the occasion.

"You will not forget that you gave me per mission to call," he said hesitating slightly.

"Oh, dear no!" she answered. "I shall not forget. We are always glad to see people—in Vagabondia."

And as the cab drove off, she waved the hand he had held in an airy gesture of adieu, gave him a bewildering farewell nod, and withdrawing her fresh, girlish face from the window, disappeared in the shadow within the vehicle.

"Great Jove!" meditated Ralph Gowan, when he had seen the last of her. "Little is a nursery governess—a sort of escape-valve for the spleen and ill-moods of that woman in copper-color. She teaches them French and music, I dare say, and makes those divine, spicy little jokes of hers over the dog-eared arithmetic. Ah, well! such is impoverished Fortune." And he strolled back into the house again, to make his adieus to Lady Augusta, with the bewitching Greuze face fresh in his memory.

But, for her part, Dolly having left him behind in the Philistine camp, was nestling comfortably in the dark corner of her cab, thinking of Griffith, as she always did think of him when she found herself alone for a moment.

"I wonder if he will be at home when I get there," she said. "Poor fellow! he would find it dull enough without me, unless they were all in unusually good spirits. I wonder if the time will ever come when we shall have a little house of our own, and can go out together or stay at home, just as we like."

CHAPTER III.

IN WHICH THE TRAIN IS LAID.

"After a holiday comes a rest day." The astuteness of this proverb continually proved itself in Vagabondia, and this was more particularly the case when holiday had been Dolly's, inasmuch as Dolly was invariably called upon to "light her battles o'er again," and recount her experiences the day following a visit, for the delectation of the household. Had there appeared in the camps a Philistine of notoriety, then that Philistine must play his or her part again through the medium of Dolly's own inimitable powers of description or representation; had any little scene occurred possessing a spice of piquant flavoring, or illustrating any Philistine peculiarity, then Dolly was quite equal to the task of putting it upon the family stage, and rendering it with iniquitous seasonings and additions of her own. And yet the fun was never of an ill-natured sort; it would have been a sheer impossibility for any of them to be actually ill-natured; and when Dolly gave them a correct and not to-be-rivalled embodiment of Lady Augusta's reception of her guests, with an accurate description of the great Copper-Boiler costume, the burst of applause meant nothing more than that Dolly's imitative gifts were a good condition, and that the great Copper-Boiler costume was a success. Then the feminine mind, being keenly alive to an interest in earthly vanities, an enlargement on Philistine adornments was considered necessary, and Dolly always rendered herself popular by a minute description of the reigning fashions, as displayed by the Bilberry element. She found herself quite repaid for the trouble of going into detail by the unsophisticated pleasure in Mollie's eyes alone, for to Mollie outward furnishings seemed more than worthy of description and discussion.

Accordingly, the morning after Lady Augusta's conversazione, Dolly gave herself up to the task of enlivening the household. It was Saturday morning, fortunately, and on Saturday her visitato the Bilberry mansion were dispensed with, so she was quite at liberty to seat herself by the fire with Tod in her arms, and recount the events of the evening. She cherished a wonderful fondness for Tod, and somehow or other had almost regarded him as a special charge from the first. She had always been a favorite with him, as she was a favorite with most children, perhaps through the very gift of adaptation which has been spoken of as one of her chief characteristics. She was just as natural and thoroughly at home with Tod in her arms, or clambering over her feet, or clutching at the economically elaborate trimmings of her dress, as she was anywhere else under any other circumstances; and when on this occasion Griffith came in at noon to hear the news, and found her kneeling upon the carpet with outstretched hands teaching the pretty little tottering fellow to walk, he felt her simply irresistible.

"Come to Aunt Dolly," she was saying. "Tod, come to Aunt Dolly." And then she looked up laughing. "Look at him, Griffith," she said. "He has walked all the way from that arm-chair." And then she made a little rush at the child, and caught him in her arms with a little whirl, and jumped up with such a light-hearted enjoyment of the whole affair that it was positively exciting to look at her.

It was quite natural—indeed, it would have been quite unnatural if she had not found her usual abiding place in her lover's encircling arm at once, even with Tod conveniently established on one of her own and evidently regarding his own proximity upon such an occasion as remarkable if nothing else. That arm of Griffith's usually did slip around her waist even at the most ordinary times, and long use had so accustomed Dolly to the habit that she would have experienced some slight feeling of astonishment if the amiable familiarity had been omitted.

It was rather a surprise to the young man to find that Miss MacDowlas had really appeared upon the scene, and that she had partaken of coffee and conversation in the flesh the evening before.

"But it's just like her," he said. "She is the sort of relative who always does turn up unexpectedly, Dolly. How does she look?"

"Juvenescent," said Dolly; "depressingly so to persons who rely upon her for the realizing of expectations. A very few minutes satisfied me that I should never become Mrs. Griffith Donne upon her money. It is a very fortunate thing for us that we are of Vagabondian antecedents, Griffith—just see how we might trouble ourselves, and wear our patience out over Miss MacDowlas, if we troubled ourselves about anything. This being utterly free from the care of worldly possessions makes one touchingly disinterested. Since we have nothing to expect, we are perfectly willing to wait until we get it."

She had thought so little about Ralph Gowan,—once losing sight of him, as he stood watching her on the pavement, that in discussing other subjects she had quite forgotten him for the time being, and it was only Mollie's entrance into the room that brought him upon the carpet.

Coming in, charming and untidy, as she generally was during the earlier part of the day, her hair bunched up in a lovely, disorderly knot, and the dimple on her left cheek artistically accentuated by a small patch of black, the youngest Miss Crewe yet appeared to advantage, when, appropriating Tod, she slipped down into a sitting posture with him on the carpet, in the midst of the amplitude of folds of Lady Augusta's once gorgeous wrapper.

"Have you told him about the great Copper-Boiler costume, Dolly?" she said, bending down so that one brown tress hung swaying before Tod's eyes. "Has she, Griffith?"

"Yes," answered Griffith, looking at her with a vague sense of admiration. He listened all Dolly's enthusiasm on the subject of Mollie's dangerous prettiness.

"Wasn't it good? I wish I was as cool as Dolly is. And poor 'Phemie—and the gentleman who made love to you all evening, Dolly. What was his name? Wasn't it Gowan?"

Griffith's eyes turned toward Dolly that instant.

"Gowan!" he exclaimed. "You didn't say anything about him. You didn't even say he was there."

"Didn't she?" said Mollie, looking up with innocently wide-open eyes. "Why, he made love to her all—"

"I wish you wouldn't talk such rubbish, Mollie," Dolly interrupted her—a trifle sharply because she understood the cloud on her lover's face so well. "Who said Mr. Gowan made love to me? Not I, you may be sure. I told you he talked to me, and that was all."

"You did not tell me that much," said Griffith, dryly.

(To be Continued.)

The Last Kiss.

I put by the half-written poem,
While the pen, idly trailed in my hand,
Writes on, "Had I words to complete it,
Who'd read it, or who'd understand?"
But the little dare feet on the stairway,
And the faint, smothered laugh in the hall,
And the eerie-ear lies on the silence,
Cry up to me over it all.

So I gather it up—where was broken
The tear-faced thread of my theme,
Telling how time idly trailed in my writing,
A fairy broke in on my dream—
A little inquisitive fairy—
My own little girl with the gold
Of the sun in her hair and the dewy
Blue eyes of the fairies of old.

'Twas the dear little girl that I scolded—
"For we was in a nursery rhyme,"
I said, "when she knew I was busy,
To come romping in for a kiss!
Come creeping up from her mother
And clamoring there at my knee
For 'one little kiss for my dolly
And one 'little uzzer for me?'"

God pity the heart that repelled her,
And the cold hand that turned her away!
And take from the lips that denied her
This answerless prayer of to-day!
Take, Lord, from my memory forever
That pitiful sob of despair,
And the patter and trip of the little bare feet,
And the one piercing cry on the stair!

I put by the half-written poem,
While the pen, idly trailed in my hand,
Writes on, "Had I words to complete it,
Who'd read it, or who'd understand?"
But the little bare feet on the stairway,
And the faint, smothered laugh in the hall,
And eerie-ear lies on the silence,
Cry up to me over it all.

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

Out of the Frying-Pan.

The principal called out the whole seminary together, and there was sulphur in the air.

"Ladies," she began: "this morning the object which I hold in my hand, and which I am given to understand is a cigarette, was found in Miss Rapide's room. Miss Rapide, have you any explanation to offer for this scandalous circumstance?"

"P—p—please, Miss Duxbury," sobbed the culprit, hiding her face in her hands: "I—I—I didn't mean to smoke them—I—I only b—b—bought them for—for—for the pictures!"

Hamilton Boy—Roller Skatin' may be out of style, but Sister Sue's old skate comes in good about this time.

A Sleeping Child.

My baby slept; how calm his rest
As o'er his handsome face a smile
Like to an angel's flitted, while
He lay so still upon my breast.

My baby slept; his baby head
Lay all unkissed 'neath pall and shroud;
I did not weep or cry aloud;
I only wished I, too, were dead!

My baby sleeps; a tiny mound,
All covered by the little flowers,
Woo me in all my waking hours,
Down in the quiet burying-ground.

And when I sleep I seem to be
With baby in another land;
I take his little baby hand,
He smiles and sings sweet songs to me.

Sleep on, oh, baby, while I keep
My vigils till this day be past!
Then shall I, too, lie down at last
And with my darling baby sleep.

Theory is Practice.

"It is greatly to be regretted," was remarked in the hearing of an Illinois farmer, "that farmers' boys do not stick to the farm. It seems as if scarcely any of them do."

"Oh! I dunno," said the farmer. "I've raised eight boys and they're all farmers 'cept one."

"Is that so? Only one of them caught by the glitter of the city, eh?"

"Yes, that's all. Poor Bob would go, spite of all I could do—run away to the city when he was twelve, and we ain't never seen him since, though it's been over twenty year. But I dunno but it's all right; he hadn't no likin' for farm work, nor wouldn't take no interest in it. He jes' seemed to hate it, and I didn't know enough about farm work to drive ducks to water."

"Yes, I think it was better that he should leave the farm, as he evidently had no taste for it. Is he in the mercantile business?"

"Oh! no, nothing of the kind," replied the farmer; "no, for the last ten years Bob has been editor of an agricultural paper. He writes most all of the 'Hints to Farmers,' 'How to Do Farm Work,' 'Stick to the Farm, Boys,' and such things."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Where He Drew the Line.

A very great man had to be pardoned for declining an invitation to a reception of the conventional kind at a house of a woman of society. "I thought," she said in amazement, "you enjoyed society!" "Yes, madam," was the quiet reply, "but not herding."

Quite the Reverse.

Mr. Yeast—Do you think Crimsonbeak is a hard drinker?

Mrs. Yeast—I always thought he was. Yes. Well, he's not.

How do you know?

Why, I've seen him at the bar, and he's one of the easiest drinkers I ever saw.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

SOLID COMFORT.

HOW TO GET IT.

As I'm sitting by the fireside
My thoughts do backward wander
'Tis not so very long ago
That time on which I ponder,
A year ago, how changed things were,
I had no fireside of my own
Was broken down and in despair,
A stranger friendless and alone.

Although so very short a time
I now can look around
On every comfort, all my own.
An nice a home as could be found,
A handsome stove and carpets rich
On parlor floor and stairs,
Splendid pictures, hanging lamps,
Extension table, easy chairs.

And on the hall tree over there
Clothing thick and warm I see,
A fur trimmed coat with cap to match
And all belong to me.
In fact I have just all I want,
House furnished well right through
And if you want to get the same
I'll tell you what to do.

There's many to-day without a home,
Although this need not be,
You did can get one of your own
If you but do the same as we.
Walker, the Public Benefactor,
Offers to you, one and all,
A home complete, and winter clothing
On Weekly Payments that are small.

Why go into furnished rooms when you can get all that is necessary to make a start housed in a very small outlay, that can be saved by taking advantage of our instalment plan. Get all you want at one time, and pay for it afterwards, by weekly or monthly payments. House furnishings of every description and first-class ready-made clothing can be had in this way at ordinary cash prices.

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AGENTS WANTED IN UNREPRESENTED DISTRICTS.

Music.

This week has been rather barren of music after all the rush of its predecessors, two events only occuring to disturb its placidity. As they both took place the one evening, it was a trifle awkward to scurry about and hear both. One was at Association hall, and was the second annual concert of the Tonic Sol Fa society. The other was a recital of music at St. Basil's church. The Tonic Sol Fa society is the result of Mr. A. Thom Cringan's energy. Mr. Cringan certainly has not let the grass grow under his feet since he came to Toronto, less than two years ago. Between his musical ability and his acquaintance with the principle that the French world epigrammatize as "nothing comes to those who do not ask for it," he has in that short time become assistant musical instructor at the public schools (with a recent well-deserved increase of $300 per annum), a choir-leader in a prominent Presbyterian church, and conductor of a singing society.

Of these his school work is the most important, and when the staff notationists stop outside a school wall and hear the youngsters' strident voices, they go away gleefully and say: "Well, Cringan has not burnt up the Bay yet." For the Sol Fa was to teach pupils to read music as easily as they read English, and it was to produce well-trained voices and to teach harmony while the reading power was attained.

These ambitious results were all claimed as certain by the Sol Faists at the time of a hot controversy at Christmas, 1885, at the meeting of the Music Teachers' Association. Have these claims been fulfilled? My opinion is that the plan certainly helps children to read music by that particular notation, and that Mr. Cringan has the teaching gift and the power to help others to the gift, and that by these means he has already done good in the schools. I also fancy that there is a slight, though very slight improvement in the tone of the children's voices. That more could be done had Mr. Cringan and Mr. Hughes been able to evolve a better and more common-sense system of getting at this work, I also believe. But the learning of harmony, beyond a smattering of the relationships of the common chord, is utter bosh. So is, according to many, the claim that the Sol Fa is used as a stepping stone to the staff-notation, which is the language of all songs and concerted and instrumental music the world over.

The Sol Faists have, unfortunately for themselves, come under the suspicion of insincerity in this particular of leading pupils from Sol Fa to staff, because instances of this action are not as frequent before the public as are their claims for excellence. Of these latter they never tire. The importance of this question is seen when it is compared to a child learning French in order that it may learn English! Woe unto the Sol Faists if they don't take their pupils back to the English!

However, it is with Mr. A. Thom Cringan as a conductor that I have to do to-day. Every musician who reaches Toronto aspires to be a conductor, not necessarily because he would make a good one, but more particularly because it helps to advertise him. These ambitious people do not always succeed in living to see a second year of their conductorship, as did Mr. Cringan. His society is composed of ardent lovers of the system who rely upon it alone for their repertoire and for their practice.

What the *Musical Journal* so aptly calls the "composite critic" again shows his cloven-foot. This time in the *Varsity*. This well conducted little journal has an editorial in its last issue advocating the granting of degrees in music by the University of Toronto, a privilege which that body acquired at the last session of parliament, but the machinery for which has not yet been organized. This is all right and very desirable as far as it goes. As both Toronto and Trinity grant degrees in arts and medicine, the parallel may as well be extended to music. Scholarship in music cannot be too widely extended. But the split in the hoof shows itself in the recommendation that the Conservatory of Music afford the means of qualifying for these degrees, and in the statement that "the inauguration of a Conservatory of Music has rendered it possible for our native musicians to study and be trained either as amateurs or professionals without leaving their own country and seeking instruction which, until recently, was obtainable only abroad." In the latter sentence lies the covert advertisement of the Conservatory, which is always so cleverly worked in. But what is the fact? All the active teachers in the Conservatory have been in practice in Toronto before its organization, with one exception; and that one is in a department which is not necessary for the qualification for musical degrees. It must not be forgotten that degrees in music have been secured by Canadians without the assistance of the Conservatory, through the excellence of private teachers, and, as far as the degree-getting is concerned, may still be. What is wanted, and what is of much more practical importance to the public generally, is that a distinction guaranteeing practical and executive ability on the part of its holder may be obtainable, one which shall declare that he can do, as well as theorize. This subject is a wide one, and I hope to be able to enlarge upon it next week.

At the next Musical Service of Praise (March 7th) at the Church of the Ascension, Miss Emily King Dodds will sing Haife's The Day is Done.

An amusing incident happened at a recent concert of the New York Mendelssohn Glee Club. This organization is very exclusive, and no one is admitted without the ticket of invitation, although it is the usual custom at many of the concerts given in Chickering hall to let a number of regulars in to fill up the house. Mr. and Mrs. G. found themselves, however, at the gate without their tickets. It was too far to go home for them and return. There was only one thing to do—go in with the crowd. The tide of fortune was, indeed, with Mr. and Mrs. G., for they sailed by the doorkeeper without so much as a look of suspicion from that individual. The delighted couple selected two of the best seats in the hall, and, settling down to a contemplation of the programme, were somewhat startled to find the first number read: Song—Once Upon My Cheek.

Several leading society ladies in New York have formed a ladies' amateur orchestra, Mayor Hewitt's daughters being prominent members, and Mrs. Hewitt also taking a great interest in its proceedings. One afternoon recently the orchestra gave a performance for the benefit of a select circle of invited friends at the mayor's residence. The beautiful house was fairly packed, the grand staircase in particular being seized upon as a coign of vantage from which to listen and see. The ladies were arrayed in street costumes, with perhaps a little more elbow room than the modern tailor-made gown allows, but the distribution of the instruments was prettily marked by badges of blue, red and white. The very classical programme of selections from Mozart, Beethoven, Brahms, Vieux. temps and Massenet was played with so much delicacy of tone and precise bowing that the young ladies were overwhelmed with congratulations and applause.

Dr. Stainer, the well-known composer, and organist of St. Paul's, London, is said to be in danger of losing his eyesight.

METRONOME.

VANITY.

For Letterpress see page 6.

Western Assurance Company.

The shareholders of this company held their thirty-seventh annual meeting at the head office in this city at noon on Thursday, February 23. The chair was occupied by A. M. Smith, Esq., the president of the company, and the managing director, who was appointed to act as secretary, read the following Directors' Report.

In submitting the annual statement of the accounts of the company for the year ending 31st December last, the directors are pleased to be able to congratulate the shareholders upon the prosperous condition of its affairs which these indicate, as well as the evidence they bear of its continued growth in public favor and confidence.

The net income from premiums, as shown by the Revenue Account, amounted to $1,530,096.96, while the interest receipts were $40,135.26, and after payment of losses and expenses, as well as making provision for all unadjusted and unsettled claims, there remains a profit balance of $99,030.98. This result is the more gratifying from the fact that recently published statistics show that the past year has not been generally a profitable one in either Fire or Marine Insurance business, owing to the losses, both in Canada and the United States, having considerably exceeded the average of previous years.

The Assets of the company being taken at their market value on 31st December, it has been necessary to write off some $14,000 for depreciation in these, to meet the shrinkage in values which has been common to most securities during the year. After providing for this and the payment of two half-yearly dividends, at the rate of ten per cent per annum, the sum of $40,000 has been added to the Reserve Fund, the total surplus funds now amounting to $775,317.81. The amount necessary to reinsure or run off the current risks of the company is estimated at $534,030, which, deducted from the surplus as above, shows a net surplus over and above Capital and all liabilities of $241,287.81.

Your Directors take this opportunity of acknowledging the efficiency of the officers and staff of the Company, as well as their appreciation of the services of its agents throughout its extensive field of operations, to whose energy and zeal is attributable, in a great measure, the favorable showing which is presented by the accompanying accounts.

REVENUE ACCOUNT.

Fire Premiums	$1,291,649 80	
Marine Premiums	574,365 61	
		$1,866,015 50
Less Re-Assurance		235,918 54
		$1,630,096 96
Interest Account		46,135 26
		$1,670,232 22
Fire Losses, including an appropriation for all losses reported to 31st Dec., 1887		744,400 33
Marine Losses, including an appropriation for all losses reported to Dec. 31st, 1887		329,464 47
General Expenses, Agents' Commission and all other charges		497,336 44
Balance to Profit and Loss		99,030 98
		$1,670,232 22

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.

Dividend paid, July, 1887	$25,000 00	
Dividend payable Jan. 9, 1888	25,000 00	
		$ 50,000 00
Depreciation in investments		14,104 67
Carried to Reserve Fund		40,000 00
Balance		317 81
		$ 104,422 48
Balance from last year		$ 5,391 50
Profit for the year as above		99,030 98
		$ 104,422 48

Liabilities.

Capital Stock paid up		$ 500,000 00
Losses under Adjustment		141,854 76
Dividend payable Jan. 9th, 1888		25,000 00
Reserve Fund	$775,000 00	
Balance, Profit and Loss	317 81	
		775,317 81
		$1,442,172 57

Assets.

United States Bonds	$ 547,210 00
Dominion of Canada Stock	146,297 25
Loan Company and Bank Stock	120,590 00
Company's Building	65,000 00
Municipal Debentures	74,388 91
Cash on Hand and on Deposit	202,889 10
Bills Receivable	58,176 75
Mortgages	25,350 00
Re-Assurance due from other Companies	25,555 23
Interest due and accrued	5,423 64
Agents' Balances and Sundry Accounts	171,340 69
	$1,442,172 57

A. M. SMITH,
President.
J. J. KENNY,
Managing Director.

Western Assurance Offices,
Toronto, February 14th, 1888.

AUDITORS' REPORT.

To the President and Directors of the Western Assurance Company:

GENTLEMEN,—We hereby certify that we have audited the books of the Company for the year ending 31st December, 1887, and have examined the vouchers and securities in connection therewith, and find them correct, and the above statements agree with the same.

R. R. CATHRON,
JOHN M. MARTIN, } Auditors.

Toronto, February 14th, 1888.

The President, in moving the adoption of the report, offered his congratulations to the shareholders on the prosperous statement which had just been read by the Managing Director, to whose unceasing energy and care, assisted by a thoroughly loyal and experienced staff, they were largely indebted for the satisfactory report just put in their hands.

It would be noticed that the net premiums were some $245,000 over those of the previous year, the business in each branch showing a considerable increase, and while the net profit was not equal to that of 1886, he thought he was quite safe in saying that the statement, comparatively speaking, was a better one than that presented at the last annual meeting, for it must be borne in mind that the fire losses in Canada and the United States have exceeded by several millions those of the preceding year, while marine disasters on the lakes during the fall months were exceptionally numerous and heavy. It was, therefore, with no little satisfaction that he presented a report showing a profit balance on the year's transactions of close upon $100,000. While the directors had continued their policy of requiring a thorough inspection and supervision of the business of the company, believing judicious expenditure in this direction to be true economy, it would nevertheless be gratifying to the shareholders to note that the ratio of expenses to premiums was a fraction lower than that of last year, being thirty and one-half per cent., a figure which compares favorably with that of other companies transacting similar business. It was, he thought, unnecessary for him to refer to the amount written off the value of securities to bring them to their market value at the close of the year, which considering the extent of the company's investments and the general reduction in values since the last report, must be considered a very moderate sum. The total assets are now $1,442,172, of which nearly $700,000, or close upon one half, are invested in Canadian and United States Government securities; a financial exhibit which he was sure the shareholders would agree with him justified their pride in the Western as a Canadian institution, and must command for it an increasing share of the patronage of the insuring public so liberally bestowed upon it in the past.

Mr. William Gooderham, the vice-president, seconded the adoption of the report, which was carried unanimously, and on motion of Mr. James Scott, seconded by Mr. Robert Thompson, a vote of thanks was passed to the President, Vice-President and Board of Directors for their services and attention to the interests of the Company during the past year.

Messrs. F. J. Stewart and William Anderson having been appointed scrutineers, the election of directors for the ensuing year was proceeded with and resulted in the unanimous re-election of the following gentlemen:

Messrs. A. M. Smith, Wm. Gooderham, Hon. S. C. Wood, Robert Beaty, A. T. Fulton, Geo. A. Cox, Geo. McMurrich, H. N. Baird, J. J. Kenny.

At a meeting of the Board of Directors held subsequently Mr. A. M. Smith was re-elected President and Mr. William Gooderham Vice-President.

Personal.

Miss Towner has gone to Lansing, Mich., on a visit to the family of Senator Towner.

Mr. Donne, of the Carabineers, has left for the west. Surely not even San Francisco and the charms of the Yosemite Valley will prevent his return to Toronto, where he has made so many friends.

The Purim ball, in aid of the Ladies' Montefiore Benevolent Society, was held in Union Hall, Toronto street, on Monday evening last. Mr. B. S. Rosenthal was the hon. secretary, and he, with the other members of the committee, are deserving of praise for the successful manner in which the affair was carried out.

The Young Ladies' Society of the Bond street Congregational church, with their gentlemen friends, were the guests of Mr. James Morrison, 131 St. George street, on February 24th. Among those present were the Misses Lawson, King, Morrison, Port, Currie, East, Yeigh, Hurst, Forbes, Northey, Pierce, Pearson, Spurr, Hessin, Walton, Brown, Virtue and Horswell, and Messrs. Sinclair, Jamieson, Currie, Stitt, Widdion, Rose, Fuller, Morrison, Baker, Mitchell, Yeigh, Stanley, Carmichael, Bickell, Eager and Mitchell. Mrs. Dr. Wild chaperoned the company.

Some Capital Remarks.

Just as the Lenten season and the revivalists were beginning to rob us of jollity, the spleudors of the opening of Parliament step in and proclaim: "Let there be revelry." During the next week or two I dare be sworn ecclesiastical fulminations against steak a la Hamburg, canvas back ducks, the flavorous cigar and the seductive but beady cocktail (name of brand of champagne will be inserted here at usual rates) will find multitudinous cultivators, while penitence and salt cod will be left to the monks and the revivalists. I do not indeed underestimate the tremendous swathe cut right into the core of society by these gentlemen. These meetings have been the talk of the town. They have been attended by all that is distinguished in politics, in the professions, and in society. Sir John and Lady Macdonald have been constant attendants, and on the night which was arranged to be their last in the capital, the premier begged from his place in the audience that Messrs. Crossley and Hunter would alter their determination and stay another week. It is said that Sir John was anxious for a prolongation of their visit for the purpose of giving Sir Richard Cartwright and others of the Grit leaders a chance to profit by the ministrations. However that may be, the old man has not only been a constant attendant at the Dominion church, but he has even taken quite a prominent part in the singing. It would have done your heart good to see him with a ten cent hymn-book in his hand, tunefully pouring forth some back numbers of a brass voice that has been on file for some time. But I tell you strong men wept when the Conservative leader stood up with the rest of us when the exhorters called for the fellows that wanted to lead a better life. It's a blessing for the Conservatives that most of the bye-elections are over and that a general election is some years removed, unless the country balks on the fisheries muddle.

That is the favorite topic, by the way, just now. The Grits are howling that our "great national heritage" has been surrendered, and even friendly Conservatives shake their heads and look very glum. Of course, in the presence of the enemy they hurrah to keep their courage up.

The vice-regal festivities in connection with the opening of Parliament will have a tinge of melancholy infused with them from the fact that they will be a part of the adieus of their Excellencies the Marquis of Lansdowne and Lansdowne. Lord Lansdowne is not exactly the sort of man whom the populace take into their heart of hearts, but he is, nevertheless, well thought of, and he is of the kind that improves on acquaintance. He is a man of far more than the average ability and culture. He is exceedingly well-informed, does a good day's work every day and sees that everybody else around him does the same. He does not believe in a perfunctory performance of the duties of his office. I will venture to say that there is not a man connected with the fisheries question that is better informed than Sam Harry Petty-Fitzmaurice, if I may be allowed to call him as we used to do at school. He signs no document without being thoroughly acquainted with what it is all about. He will occasionally suggest changes in the phraseology when expressions that jar on his correct taste appear in State documents. His State papers are where he most particularly shines. They are models of terse, dignified English, and strike the point every time.

Yes, there are many points for which Lord Lansdowne will be favorably remembered, not the least of which memories will be the excellent dinners he gives. His *chef* is not in the habit of writing State documents, but he is nevertheless a distinguished man, and whatever sorrow will ensue on his Excellency's departure that sorrow will be quadrupled in many hearts —or perhaps stomachs would be the better word—among the grand army of Ottawa gourmands. But it is not for the good things alone that an invitation to his Excellency's banquets is craved. An invitation fixes a man's social status here. He may be Mr. Nobody to-day, and an intimation in the *Morning Citizen* that he dined at Government House the evening before makes him Mr. Somebody. It is a great lottery, too, for one never knows when social fame is going to strike till a great big card as big as a sheet poster comes to his humble lodgings and tells him in gold letters that he can cancel his engagement with the oyster shop round the corner for a certain evening and have one on his Excellency's tract. Quite a number of gentlemen in Ottawa are employed constantly in wondering why they have never been invited to dine with my lord. It is their only employment and they have had a steady engagement for four or five years. The remarkable thing about it is that the longer they work at this business the more sure they are of continued employment. I have heard men complain bitterly after an exausive summing up of all the reasons why they should be asked, that such had not been the case. But they hope on. Their time will come.

The drawing-room held by their Excellencies a few days after the formal opening of Parliament was a splendid affair in every sense. Under the white radiance of the numerous incandescent lights the vice-regal chamber looks at its best, crowded as it is with men in many different-colored dresses and uniforms and with handsome women in bewitching and picturesque costumes; and gazing back through the aisles of memory I cannot think of any picture, any fairy scene, that quite comes up to this in magnificence of surroundings, brightness of color or general vivacity.

His Excellency was in court costume. The costumes of the more prominent ladies whom I noticed were as follows:

Lady Lansdowne—White lace draped over pink satin skirt, court train of claret satin, large bouquet of pink roses and maiden hair fern, necklace and tiara of diamonds.

Lady Florence Streatfeild—Black lace over geranium red.

Madame Laurier—Olive silk and broceded velvet, natural flowers and diamonds.

Mrs. Thomas White—Black satin with gold-colored ostrich tips, and the Misses White respectively in green tulle, lemon silk and white silk.

Lady Tupper—Black satin and lace, diamonds.

Lady Macdonald—Ciel blue velvet gown, trimmed with ostrich tips of the same shade. She carried a blue feather fan, wore pale blue gloves and slippers, tips in her hair, diamond and opal necklace.

Mrs. Kirkpatrick—White brocade.

Mrs. A. W. Ross—Ivory Chinese broceded satin with ivory lace and ostrich feathers; aigrette of ostrich tips and amber jewelry.

Mrs. Scarth—Black satin de lyon, white feathers and diamonds.

Mrs. A. J. Christie—Salmon satin and lace.

The Misses Fournier—Respectively in pink and white silks.

Mrs. Henry Macdonnell—White silk and lace.

Mrs. Oxley—White satin and lace.

Mrs. Schrieber—Black satin jets.

Miss Constance Meredith—White satin de lyon, en train, white veil and tips (debutante).

Mrs. Schultze—Bronze velvet over pink silk with lace to match, pink aigrette and gold ornaments.

Mrs. Colonel Denison—White satin brocade embroidered with seed pearls, honiton lace, ostrich plumes and gold ornaments.

Mrs. Costigan—Ruby plush and feathers.

Mrs. J. A. Gemmill—Terra-cotta plush and lace.

Miss Schrieber—White satin de lyon.

Mrs. E. J. Langevin—Heliotrope satin and black lace.

Mrs. Pope—White silk and plush.

Miss Taschereau—Flame-colored surah.

Mme. Doucet—Canary-colored tulle with ostrich tips to match; wreaths of buttercups.

Mrs. Molyneaux of St. John—Nile green satin over white and gold brocade.

Mrs. D. O'Connor—Blue silk and golden brown plush; trimmings, ornaments and diamonds.

Miss Sullivan of Kingston—White Bengaline silk; pearl trimmings; ornaments, pearls.

Miss Birmingham of Kingston—Cream silk; pearl trimmings.

If I may be allowed to vote on the question of pretiest girl I hereby deposit my ballot, properly initialed by the returning officer, for Miss Sullivan, daughter of the Kingstonian senator. If for the sweetest and most gracious matron (such a girlish matron, though!), here's a plumper for Lady Florence Streatfeild.

The next festivity of the season was the tobogganing and skating party of Tuesday night. It was a perfect outburst of out-of-doors gaiety, slightly marred, however, by two accidents which took place on the slide. One regrettable feature that nearly always accompanies out-of-door events is the presence of people who were not invited, and who, if they were not vulgar and brazen, would not be there. Their vulgarity and brass was chiefly observable on Tuesday night about the refreshment table, where they pushed and crowded and almost fought, to the exclusion of those who had a right to be there. It is time measures were taken for the unmasking of this class of frauds. I would suggest that, previous to going on the rinks or the slides, every guest should present his card of invitation and receive in return some species of favor, which he would be required to wear as a badge, showing his right to be present. I throw this out as a suggestion to be improved on by those who have more time than a WATCHMAN.

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb.

Births.

TORONTO.

Caswell, Mrs. R. C., on 26th ult.—a daughter
Donald, Mrs. Jas. P., on the 24th ult.—a son
Dean, Mrs. G. A., on the 25th ult.—a daughter
Godson, Mrs. A. W., on 22th ult.—a son
Hamlin, Mrs. T. L. R., on 28th ult.—a son
Hagerman, Mrs. A. E., on the 15th ult.—a daughter
Keith, Mrs. Alex., on 22nd ult.—a son
Moyd, Mrs. F. G., on 20th ult.—a daughter
McKellar, Mrs. Alex., on 27th ult.—a son
McKelvie, Mrs. John, on 22nd ult.—a son
Miles, Mrs. Julius, on 26th ult.—a daughter
Ratcliffe, Mrs. Thos. on 25th ult.—a son
Rosenbaum, Mrs. J. H., on 27th ult.—a son

Baker, Mrs. R. B., at Montreal, on 22nd ult.—a son
Barnett, Mrs. Wm., at Mitchell, on 22nd ult.—a daughter
Bruce-Smith, Mrs. R. W., at Seaforth, on 19th ult.—twins, two boys
Dewar, Mrs. Alexander, at London West, on 28th ult.—twins, son and daughter
Duchesnay, Mrs. Edward J., at Chapleau, on 17th ult.—a daughter
Elliott, Mrs. Charles L., at Winnipeg, on 12th ult.—a son
Easton, Mrs. J. R., at Guelph, on 25th ult.—a son
Gibbens, Mrs. H., at London, on 25th ult.—a daughter
Hamilton, Mrs. Jos., at London, on 13th ult.—a daughter
Hayes, Mrs. R., at Parkdale, on 24th ult.—a daughter
Howell, Mrs. J. E., at Seaforth on 11th ult.—a son
Johnson, Mrs. John, at Little York, on 25th ult.—a son
Leich, Mrs. W. G., at Hamilton, on 22nd ult.—a daughter
Mader, Mrs. J. R., at Newmarket, on 27th ult.—a daughter
Murray, Mrs. John, at Avonton, on 18th ult.—a son
McClonkey, Mrs. John, at London, on 15th ult.—a son
Manle, Mrs. John, at London, on 24th ult.—a daughter
Pocock, Mrs. S. B., at St. Thomas, on 19th ult.—a daughter
Quin, Mrs. W., at Deer Park, on 26th ult.—a daughter
McMullen, Mrs. T. F., at London, on 17th ult.—a son
Smith, Mrs. Adolph, at Mitchell, on 18th ult.—a daughter
Stonecupp, Mrs. Adam, at Ellise, on 22nd ult.—a son
Smith, Mrs. John C., at Stratford, on 12th ult.—a son

Marriages.

TORONTO.

Atkinson, Thos. of Glencoe, to Frances J. Squire, on 29th ult., by Rev. Geo. Kingston.
Cooper, John A. R., to Mary Adamson Salmond, on 22rd ult., by Rev. Alex. Gilray
Mountford, William R., to Alice Maud Norton, on 22rd ult., by Rev. Alexander Williams.

Barkley, William, to Hannah Stacey, of Blanshard, on 18th January, by Rev. J. Charlton
Brown, Oscar J., of Richmond Hill, to Wilhelmina, Adabell Speight, at Newtonbrook, on 22nd ult., by Rev. Canon Osler
Courtice, William Lawrence to Annie Clara Carruthers, of the township of York, on 22nd ult., by Rev. Mr. Tucker
Drake, Rev. D. H., of Madras, to Isabella T. Alexander, of Toronto, at Coconada, India, on 17th January, by Rev. John Craig
Dunbar, John, to Jane Stevens, at Mornington, on 15th ult., by Rev. J. Kay
Grant, J., of Alisa Craig, to Emma Haskell, on 22nd ult., by Rev. R. Wilson
Harstone, R. K., to Phebe Pollock, at Warkworth, on 22nd ult., by Rev. D. Sutherland
Heavysege, Henry D., to Annie E. White, at Montreal, on 22nd ult., by Rev. Mr. Oakley
Jacobs, Samuel, to Margaret Sanderson, at Mornington, on 22nd ult., by Rev. J. Kay
McLachlan, James T., to Flora J. Reid, at Erin, on 22rd ult., by Rev. H. Reid
Marshall, James A., to Ruth Gallop, at Mornington, on 15th ult., by Rev. J. Kay
Murray, J. W., to Isabella McDowell, of Listowel, on 22nd ult., by Rev. Isaac Campbell
Marquet, Charles, of Marine City, Mich., to Lydia Jackson, of London, Ont., on 14th ult., by Rev. W. H. Cooper
Paisley, J. K., to Minnie B. Harris, at Charleston, on 22nd ult., by Rev. W. F. Swallow
Pearl, Capt. Stewart, of Guysboro', to Esther Ferguson, at Manchester, N.S., on 17th ult., by Rev. H. H. Hamilton
Parson, Alfred Templeton, of Brooklyn, N.Y., to Cassie Allison Botsford, at Sackville, N. B., on 22rd ult., by Rev. Cecil Wiggins
Pike, Rev. E. G., to Mary A. Smith, of Toronto, at Iola, Wis., on 17th ult.
Robertson, Donald B., to Alice M. Beltz, at London, on 22nd ult., by Rev. W. Godwin
Rankin, E. J., to Clara Taylor, of St. Mary's, at Prince Albert, N.W.T., on 22nd ult., by Rev. A. Charlton
Sinclair, Alexander, to Beatrice Jackson, at Hamilton, on 24th ult., by Rev. Canon Dixon
Wild, Lieut. Edward W., to Alice M. W. Ballard, at Farnsborough, Hants, England, on 14th ult., by Rev. T. E. Woodhouse

Deaths.

TORONTO.

Acheson, Samuel, on 24th ult., aged 68
Blackstock, Thomas Gibb, on 25th ult., aged 4
Belyea, William, on 28th ult., aged 77
Breen, Bridget, widow of John, on 26th ult., aged 78
Brown, John Robert, on 26th ult., aged 18
Capp, Edward H. J., on 27th ult., aged 56
Eyre, George, on 27th ult., aged 26
Foster, Mary Morrison, widow of James, on 25th ult.
Fox, Sarah, wife of Alley T., on 25th ult., aged 29
Heward, Mary Margaret, wife of W. R., on 26th ult.
Muldoon, Arthur, on 27th ult., aged 85
Rogerson, Marian B., on 28th ult., aged 5
Roach, John, on 27th ult., aged 83
Russell, Andrew, of Ottawa, on 24th ult., aged 84
Smith, Mrs., relict of late James, on 25th ult.
Steers, Mary Ida Walton, wife of John, on 24th ult., aged 24
Smyth, William A., on 24th ult., aged 37
Whitewoon, Henrietta, wife of Andrew, on 27th ult., aged 64
Argue, William, on 24th ult., at St. Catharines
Black, Alexander, on 24th ult., at London, aged 65
Catchpole, George, jr., on 25th ult., at Hamilton, aged 34
Corey, Mortimer G., on 27th ult., at Hamilton Beach, aged 52
Campbin, Mary Wilkinson, relict of the late Jacob, on 28th ult., aged 80
Chillas, E. R., on 22nd ult., at Goderich, aged 35
Douglas, John, on 19th ult., at London, aged 67
Evans, Richard J., on 18th ult., at London, aged 70
Hesmer, Jean S., relict of the late Thomas, on 22rd ult., at London, aged 61
Laurie, Jean, relict of the late John, on 19th ult., at London, aged 77

Out of Town.

BRANTFORD.

Miss Belle Kilmaster left for a visit to friends in Grand Rapids, Mich., on Monday.

Miss Wyatt has returned to Toronto, and Miss Lucy Harris of Toronto is at present staying with her aunt, Mrs. Jno. H. Stratford, at Fairplane.

Mrs. A. K. Bunnell's At Home, in honor of her aunt, Mrs. Milligan, on Monday last was a great success.

Miss Jarvis of St. John, N. B., who has been visiting her cousin, Mrs. Robertson, since December last, is talking of leaving us and vising New York before she returns home. Miss Jarvis has become a great favorite in Brantford, and her departure would be mourned by all, and it is to be hoped she will defer it as long as possible.

Mr. Harry Harris has returned to New York to fill a lucrative position. AUDRAY.

BARRIE.

The ladies of Trinity church are busy preparing for an entertainment in the shape of an All World's fair, to be given in the town hall on April 3, 4 and 5.

The Thespians are busy rehearsing their play entitled Our Boys. It will be presented in the second week of April, with the following cast of characters:

Sir Geoffry Champneys.....Mr. A. J. Lloyd
Cabot Champneys, (his son).....Mr. H. B. Spotton
Perkys Middlewick, (retired butterman).....Capt. Adam
Charles Middlewick, (his son).....Mr. S. J. Sanford
Kempster, (Sir Geoffry's man servant).....Mr. R. C. Gillet
Poddles, (Middlewick's butler).....Mr. W. D. B. Spry
Violet Melrose, (an heiress).....Mrs. Lloyd
May Melrose, (her poor cousin).....Mrs. Sanford
Clarissa Champney, (sister of Sir Geoffry).....Mrs. MacKidd
Belinda, (a lodging house slave).....Mrs. Richardson

Tobogganing parties are very popular here now.

The Barrie Philharmonic society has dissolved. MULTUM.

BELLEVILLE.

A grand concert was given in the Opera House, under the management of Mr. H. W. Marshall, on Friday evening, February 22, complimentary to Mrs. A. A. Campbell, and was a great success. Mr. L. W. Howard, Miss Falkiner, Miss Maud Burdette, Mr. Balkwill, Miss Clarke, Miss Mabel Wilson, Mrs. Wilson, and others contributed to a programme which was pronounced to be one of the best ever presented in the city.

CHATHAM.

Lent being well under way, our town is naturally quiet. Hamlet by the Macaulay club is progressing favorably, and the event takes place on March 22. Joe Murphy plays here on March 5th.

Mr. O. Rowley of the Merchants' bank, Toronto, has been moved to the branch here.

Mr. C. E. B. Smithell of the Federal bank here left on Tuesday for Sherbrooke, where he has accepted a position as teller of the Eastern Townships bank in that place.

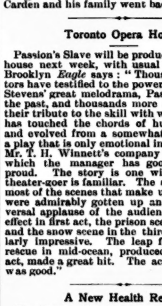
Miss Douglas is visiting her Toronto relations, but may be expected back shortly.

The general manager of the Federal bank was in town for a few days winding up their business.

Mr. Walker formerly of the Bank of Commerce here, has been spending a few days with us. NEMO.

ESSEX CENTRE.

A very enjoyable At Home took place at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Green on February 14th being the 10th anniversary of their married life. Mrs. Green received the guests in her drawing-room and wore a fashionable tea gown; Miss Kelty of Detroit assisted her sister, Mrs. Green. Among those present were Mrs. Kelty of Detroit, Mr. and Mrs. Balfour and Mrs. Forture of Detroit, Mr. and Mrs. Watt, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Allen, Miss Beatty, Mr. and Miss Zealand of Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. C. Naylor, Miss and Miss M. Gibson of Brantford, Mr. Clarke, Dr. and Mrs. Dewar, Dr. and Mrs. Ferguson, Miss Cruickshank, Messrs. Elliott, McPhail, Second and Davidson, Mr. and Mrs. W. Laing.



Sir R. W. Carden, whose portrait we present herewith, was a large contributor to various London charities, notably the Ogle-Mews Ragged Schools, the One Tun Ragged Schools, and the St. Marylebone Charity School. He was an alderman for the City of London, after Sheriff, and, later still, Lord Mayor. He was born 7th October, 1801, and died 19th January of this year. He lies buried at Kensal Green, and his funeral was attended by the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs of London, Lady Coutts, and many other notabilities.

Mr. Alexander J. Carden, a son of Sir Robert Carden, was, until recently, a resident of Toronto, living on Macpherson avenue, near Yonge street. On the death of his father, Mr. Carden and his family went back to England.

Toronto Opera House.

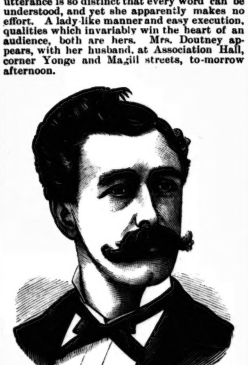
Passion's Slave will be produced at the above house next week, with usual matinees. The Brooklyn Eagle says: "Thousands of spectators have testified to the power of Mr. John A. Stevens' great melodrama, Passion's Slave, in the past, and thousands more are sure to pay their tribute to the skill with which the author has touched the chords of human sympathy and evolved from a somewhat emotional plot a play that is only emotional in the best sense. Mr. T. H. Winnett's company is indeed one of which the manager has good reason to be proud. The story is one with which every theater-goer is familiar. The scenic effects in most of the scenes that make up the four acts were admirably gotten up and won the universal applause of the audience. The picture effect in first act, the prison scene in the second and the snow scene in the third were particularly impressive. The leap of life, and the rescue in mid-ocean, produced in the second act, made a great hit. The acting, as a rule, was good."

A New Health Resort.

The Canary islands are rapidly coming into favor as a health resort. In her last book of travels, Teneriffe and its Six Satellites, Mrs. Olivia Stone gave an interesting account of the Canaries, and wrote in raptures of the climate. She said, however, that but few comforts were to be found; but it is now said that a rich syndicate has been formed for the erection of good hotels in the islands. If this be so, all the rest will follow. The voyage is not too long, and it is more than probable that, in a very short time, crowds of delicately-chested people will be found enjoying the balmy airs and delicious sunshine of this latitude.

Mr. and Mrs. Doutney.

The above is an excellent portrait of Mrs. Thomas N. Doutney, the wife of the well-known temperance lecturer and worker. Mrs. Doutney is of great assistance to her husband in his platform work, and never fails to capture the hearts of her audiences by her rendition of sacred and other songs. She is possessed of a sweet voice, a noticeable feature being that no matter how large the church or hall, her utterance is so distinct that every word can be understood, and yet she apparently makes no effort. A lady like manner and easy execution, qualities which invariably win the heart of an audience, both are here. Mrs. Doutney appears, with her husband, at Association Hall, corner Yonge and Magill streets, to-morrow afternoon.



Many readers will recognize the above face as that of Mr. Thomas N. Doutney, the temperance lecturer and worker, who has been here for the last few weeks. Mr. Doutney was a liquor seller until inebriate, and fourteen years ago he was rescued, as he says, "like a brand from the burning," and being a good talker, he soon became prominent in the work and the reformation of the fallen. Mr. Doutney has not the polished eloquence of Gough or Finch, but he knows his subject matter well, can give inimitable imitations of the peculiarities of men, with character sketches, anecdotes, exhortations, and an occasional flight of oratory—all of which combined puts his audience in full sympathy with him, and is the secret of his success. In the course of his travels Mr. Doutney has never failed to interest all classes in his meetings—the Lieut.-Governor of Nova Scotia, the Mayor of Halifax, the Anglican Bishop of Montreal, and hundreds of other men of position and learning have endorsed his work, while thousands of signatures in many pledge books testify to the good he has accomplished. His work in this city has been cordially endorsed by the temperance workers.

A Country Editor's Duties.

I must write an editorial upon the Irish question,
And give Queen Vic a gentle rub, and Gladstone a suggestion,
Cannot a inexperienced and needs my careful training,
And I must show the Russian Czar a better plan of reigning.

There's Bismarck needs a little dig, he'll cut up some new caper
Unless he gets a broadside from my valuable paper;
King Humbert must be prodded up, the Pope needs regulation,
And Grover Cleveland must be told just how to run the nation.

Now the affairs in Egypt are looking very muddy,
The Khedive must be told his faults—the hopeless fuddy duddy!
Now, wife, go chop the kindling, dear, and fetch the coal and water,
While I tell the kings of Europe how to manage as they'd oughter.

—*Yankee Blade.*

W. & D. DINEEN

FURRIERS,

OFFER FOR IMMEDIATE SALE FOR CASH:

Choice Sealskin Mantles, Ulsters.

WRAPS, CAPES, MUFFS, CAPS, &c.

ALSO A LOT OF FUR-LINED

CIRCULARS & SILK-TRIMMED WRAPS

And an Endless Variety of FURS of all kinds.

Beaver & Otter Capes & Muffs

TO MATCH.

LONG BEARSKIN BOAS AND MUFFS.

Otter and Beaver Collars and Cuffs

AND

Beaver Trimming by the yard.

COR. KING AND YONGE STS.

DRESS SHIRTS

EVENING GLOVES

EVENING TIES

Full assortment in stock of White Dress Shirts, court front, one stud hole in front.

Dents' White and Lavender Gloves, one and two buttons, plain or white or black stitched backs, all prices.

Evening Ties all kinds.

WHEATON & CO.

17 KING STREET WEST

COR. JORDAN.

Food for Thought

Now gentlemen attend
All listen to a friend;
There is no necessity I know of
Why you should be grey
When there is a simple way
To get rid of the difficulty by using Dorenwend's
Magic to restore the natural color of your
Hair and invigorate its growth.

Now ladies I beseech you
If you ever care to bleach
A golden, try Dorenwend's Wash.
It does not make the hair
And I'm sure if you are fair
You will be pleased to recommend Dorenwend's
Golden Hair Wash to all your friends.

To the gentlemen who know me
I'm sure you will bestow
A liberal portion of your patronage.
To the ladies so refined
You are always very kind,
So I desire to thank you
For favors of the past and again ask you remember that
I carry the largest stock of ladies' and gents hair
Goods in the Dominion.

A. DORENWEND

Paris Hair Works

103 and 105 Yonge St., Toronto

S. J. DIXON,

PHOTOGRAPHER,

Cor. Yonge and King Streets.

FINE WORK A SPECIALTY.

THE YATISI CORSET

is modeled from a design of one of the most celebrated Parisian makers. It gives the wearer that ease and grace so much admired in French ladies.

The Yatisi Corset, owing to the peculiar diagonal elasticity of the cloth, will fit to wear perfectly the first time worn, no matter what her style of form is—either long or short waisted. To ladies who wish to lace tight and not feel uncomfortable at the bust or hips they are indispensible.

The Yatisi Corset does not stretch at the waist, requires no breaking in, fits comfortably the first time worn. As it gives to every motion of the wearer, it will outlast any of the old-style rigid corsets.

The Yatisi Corset is made of the best materials, and being elastic (without rubber or springs), is invaluable for invalids, as it cannot compress the vital parts of the body. They are recommended by the most celebrated physicians in all the leading cities.

The Yatisi Corset is the only one that the purchaser can wear ten days and then return and have the money refunded if not found to be the most perfect-fitting, healthful and comfortable corset ever worn.

Every merchant who sells the Yatisi Corset will guarantee every claim made by the manufacturers, and refund the money to any lady who is not perfectly satisfied with the corset.

The Yatisi Corset is patented in Canada, Great Britain and the United States.

Every pair of Yatisi Corsets is so stamped and no other is genuine.

MANUFACTURED BY

THE CROMPTON CORSET CO.

An Elegant Souvenir.

Last Saturday night the employes of Ruse's Temple of Music called on Mr. Joseph Ruse, who has retired from the business, and presented him with a most magnificently illuminated address, suitably framed, which as a work of art in this line has never been excelled in this city. It was executed by Mr. R. Holmes of Toronto and occupied his pen and brush for many weeks.

The size of the sheet is twenty-three inches by thirty inches. In the upper left hand corner is the family crest in proper metals and colors, extending from the right of this is a scroll in gold and colors encircling the word—To, and arranged so as to make a handsome setting for the name Joseph Ruse, Esq., and form a border for all the upper part of the work. In the lower left hand corner is a delicate and most artistic miniature, a reproduction of Raphael's great picture of St. Cecilia listening in ecstasy to the chorus of angels. It is a faithful reproduction in the beautifully harmonious coloring of the original Raphael. The borders on the left side and bottom are fine pieces of foliated scroll work exhibiting the symmetry of continuous growth and painted in delicate vermilion and carmine, balanced with blue, with here and there a faint note of yellow, all standing out on a ground of gold diapered with brown. A maroon ribbon finishes off the right-hand side, and the text of the address is old English with illuminated capitals.

Mr. Ruse, who replied briefly and with great feeling, expressed his delight at the magnificent testimonial of esteem. A supper and pleasant evening followed. No man in the music business was ever more successful or popular for the length of time he engaged in it than Mr. Ruse, who is now engaged in a manufacturing business of his own.

Prof. Reynolds, the mesmerist, will give a private seance at the Press Club Saturday night after his performance at Shaftesbury hall.

Whenever we find a man who enjoys a wide popularity, we may be assured, however bad his reputation may be, that he has some good qualities in an eminent degree.

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Reserved Seats 50 Cts., Upper Gallery 25 Cts.

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13—64

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